IRISH HUMOUR

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PUNCH LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

Designed to provide in a series of volumes, each complete in itself, the cream of our national humour, contributed by the masters of comic draughtsmanship and the leading wits of the age to "Punch," from its beginning in 1841 to the present day

MR. PUNCH'S IRISH HUMOUR

"Sure, Pat, and why are ye wearin' ye'r coat buttoned up loike that on a warm day loike this?"

"Faith, ye'r riverence, to hoide the shirt oi haven't got on!"

MR. PUNCH'S IRISH HUMOUR

IN PICTURE AND STORY

WITH 154 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

CHARLES KEENE, PHIL MAY, GEORGE DU MAURIER, L. RAVEN-HILL, BERNARD PARTRIDGE, G. D. ARMOUR, E. T. REED, H. M. BROCK, TOM BROWNE, GUNNING KING, AND OTHERS

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MR. PUNCH AND PAT

(*By way of Introduction*)

No PUNCH artist has done more with Irish humour than Charles Keene. Well over a third of the PUNCH drawings on this subject are from his pencil. Most of the PUNCH artists have made good use of it, Phil May and Mr. Raven-Hill in particular.

Some of MR. PUNCH'S jokes against the Fenians, Home Rule, and Irish disloyalty have a bitterness that is quite unusual with him, but none of these are included in our pages, and he has at other times handled the same topics with his customary geniality and good-humoured satire. He makes the most of the Irishman's traditional weakness for bulls," whisky, fighting, and living with his pigs, but he gets an immense amount of variety out of these themes, and does not neglect to touch upon other typically Irish characteristics. If you have examples of the Irishman's blunderings, you have examples also of his ready wit and his amazing talent for blarney.

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Mr. Punch's Irish Humour

We have thus in the present volume a delightful collection of Irish wit and high spirits. The happy-go-lucky characteristic of Pat is especially prominent in many of the jokes, and interpreting MR. PUNCH'S attitude towards the Irishman as one of admiration for his many excellent qualities, instead of regarding him as the "but" for English jokes, too often the notion of comic writers, the editor has sought to represent MR. PUNCH as the friend of Pat, sometimes his critic, but always his good humoured well-wisher, who laughs at him now and then, but as often with him.

MR. PUNCH'S IRISH HUMOUR

THE IRISH YOLK.—In the name of the profit—eggs! Irish co-operators have already made giant strides in the production of milk and butter, and now the Irish Co-operative Agency has decided, so says the *Cork Daily Herald*, to "take up the egg trade." We hope the egg-traders won't be "taken up," too; if so, the trade would be arrested just when it was starting, and where would the profit be then? "It is stated that many Irish eggs now reach the English market dirty, stale, and unsorted," so that wholesale English egg-merchants

have preferred to buy Austrian and French ones. Ireland not able to compete with the foreigner! Perish the thought! A little technical education judiciously applied will soon teach the Irish fowl not to lay "shop 'uns."

TANTALUS.—*Irish Waiter* (*to Commercial Gent, who had done a good stroke of business already*). "Brikfast! Yessir. What'll ye have, yer honour—tay or coffee?"

Commercial Gent (*hungry and jubilant*). "Coffee and fried sole and mutton cutlet to follow!"

Waiter (*satirically*). "Annything ilse, surr?"

Commercial Gent. "Yes, stewed kidneys. Ah and a savoury omelette!"

Waiter. "Yessir. Annything——"

Commercial Gent. "No, that will do——"

Waiter (*with calm contempt*). "And do ye expict to foind the loikes o' them things here? Sure, ye'll get what yez always got—bacon an' iggs!"

FROM AN IRISH REPORTER IN A TROUBLED DISTRICT.—"The police patrolled the street all night, but for all that there was no disturbance."

Mr. MacSimius. "Well, Oi don't profess to be a particularly cultivated man meself; but at laste me progenitors were all educated in the hoigher branches!"

ERIN GO BRAGH

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I perceive that there is a movement on foot, initiated by the patriot Doogan, M.P., for teaching the Irish language to the youthful Redmonds and Healeys of the Emerald Isle. I am sorry that the Government has not acquiesced in the motion. I, myself, would bring in a measure compelling all Hibernian Members of Parliament to denounce (they never speak) in their native tongue. Just fancy the rapture with which they would inveigh in a language incapable of comprehension by a single Sassenach! And what a mighty relief to the other legislators! If necessary, the Speaker might be provided with an Anglo-Irish dictionary, or possibly a new post (open to Nationalists only) might be created, viz., Interpreter for Ireland.

Trusting that my suggestion may be supported by you,

I am, yours obediently,

LINDLEY MURRAY WALKER

The College, Torkington-on-the-Marsh.

Usher (*the Court having been much annoyed by the shuffling of feet*). "Will ye hould yer tongues up there with yer feet in the gallery!"

Irish Landlord (*to his agent, who has been to London as a witness*). "And did ye mix much in society, Murphy?"

Mr. Pat Murphy. "Mix is it? Faix I did that, every night of the whole time, and they said they'd niver tasted anything like it!"

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Murphy? You look all broken up!" "Well, yer 'anner, I wint to wan iv thim shtop-the-war' meetings lasht noight!"

IRISH PROVERBS

EVERY goose thinks his wife a duck.

No news in a newspaper isn't good news.

Manners make the gentleman, and the want of them drives him elsewhere for his shooting.

A miss is as good as a mile of old women.

Too many cooks spoil the broth of a boy.

It's foolish to spoil one's dinner for a ha'porth of tarts.

There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it.

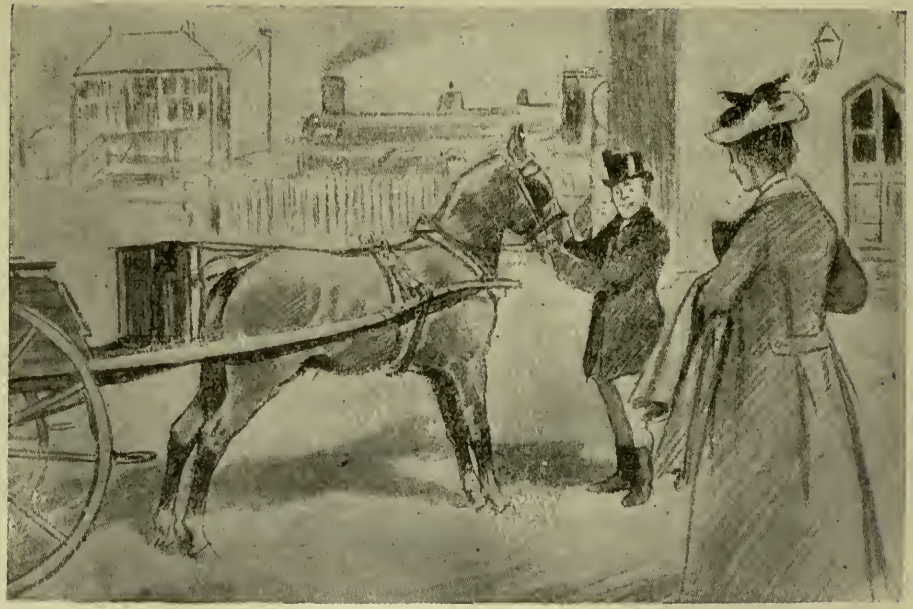
Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers.

Better to look like a great fool, than to be the great fool you look.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but in a Chancery suit, a soft answer is only likely to turn the scales against you.

One fortune is remarkably good until you have had another one told you.

Don't halloa until you have got your head safe out of the wood, particularly at Donnybrook Fair.



Lady (*looking at new cob*). "How does he go, Patrick?"
Irish Groom. "The very best, m'lady! Sure it's only now and then he touches the ground in odd spots."

Men of straw don't make the best bricks.

It's a narrow bed that has no turning.

When money is sent flying out of the window it's poverty that comes in at the door.

The pig that pleases to live must live to please.

One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse.

Short rents make long friends—and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes.

The mug of a fool is known by there being nothing in it.

You may put the carte before the horse, but you can't make him eat.

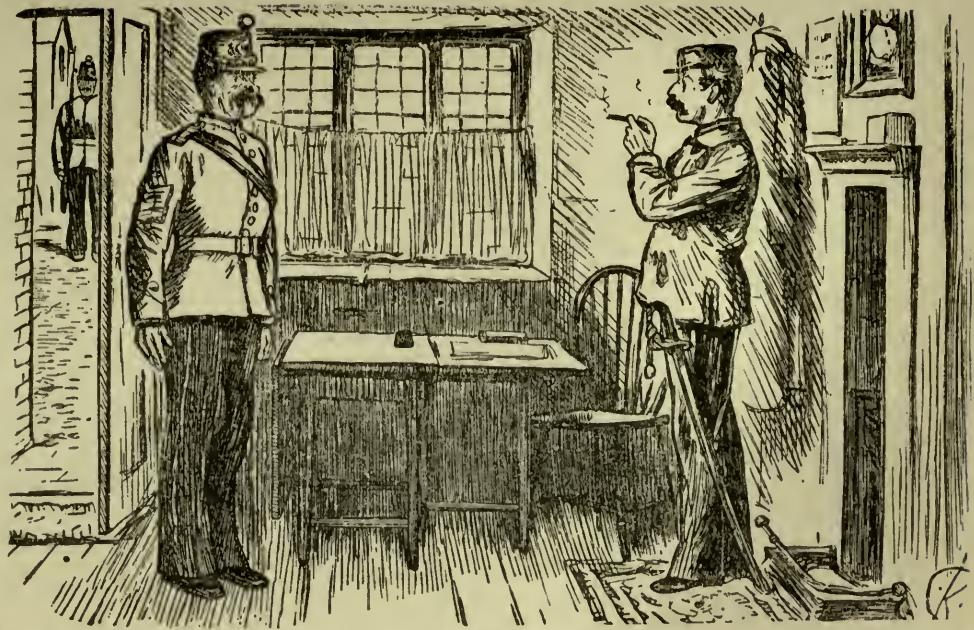
Money makes the gentleman, the want of it the blackguard.

When wise men fall out, then rogues come by what is not their own.

A BITTER BAD FRUIT.—A patriotic Irishman, expatiating eloquently upon the Lodge disturbances that were so repeatedly taking place in his country, exclaimed wildly : "By Jove, sir, you may call the Orange the Apple of Discord of Ireland."

Irate Station-master. "What the divil are ye waitin' for?"
Engine-driver. "Can't ye see the signals is against me?"
Station-master. "Is it the signals? Sure now, ye're gettin' mighty particular!"

Paddy. "Where will I catch the express for Dublin?"
Station-master. "Ye'll catch it all over ye if ye don't get off the line mighty quick!"



A REGULAR TURK.—*Adjutant.* "Well, sergeant, how's your prisoner getting on?" *Sergeant of the Guard.* "Bedad, sor, he's the vi'lentest blaggyard I iver had to do wid! We're all in tirror iv our loives! Shure we're obliged to feed him wid fixed bay'nits!"

THE TALE OF A VOTE

BEDAD, 'twas meself was as plaised as could be
When they tould me the vote had bin given to me.
"St. Pathrick," ses Oi, "Oi'm a gintleman too,
An' Oi'll dine ivry day off a grand Oirish stew."

The words was scarce seen slippin' off of me tongue
When who but the Colonel comes walkin' along!
"Begorrah, 'tis callin' he's afther, the bhoy,
Oi'm a gintleman now wid a vingeance," ses Oi.

The Colonel come in wid an affable air,
An' he sat down quite natteral-loike in a chair.
"So, Rory," ses he, "'tis a vote ye've got now?"
"That's thrue though ye ses it," ses Oi, wid a bow.

"Deloighted!" ses he, "'tis meself that is glad,
For shure ye're desarvin' it, Rory, me lad.
An' how are ye goin' to use it?" ses he,
"Ye could scarcely do betther than give it to me."

Oi stared at the Colonel, amazed wid surprise.
"What! Give it away, sorr?—Me vote, sorr?" Oi cries
"D'ye think that Oi've waited ontil Oi am gray,
An' now Oi'm jist goin' to give it away?"

The Colonel he chuckled, an' "Rory," ses he.
But "No, sorr," Oi answers, "ye don't diddle me."
Thin he hum'd an' he haw'd, an' he started agin,
But he'd met wid his equal in Rory O'Flynn.

Thin the smoile died away, an' a frown come instead,
But for all that he tould me, Oi jist shook me head,

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.—*Merciful Traveller.* "Your little horse has been going well. When do you bait him?" *Pat.* "Ah, shure, it's been a purty livel road, sor: but Oi'l have to bate him goin' up Sloggin Derry Hill, sor!"

An' he gnawed his moustache, an' he cursed an' he swore,
But the more that he argued, Oi shook it the more.

Thin he called me a dolt an' an ignorant fool,
An' he said that Oi ought to go back to the school,
An' he flew in a rage an' wint black in the face,
An' he flung in a hullaballoo from the place.

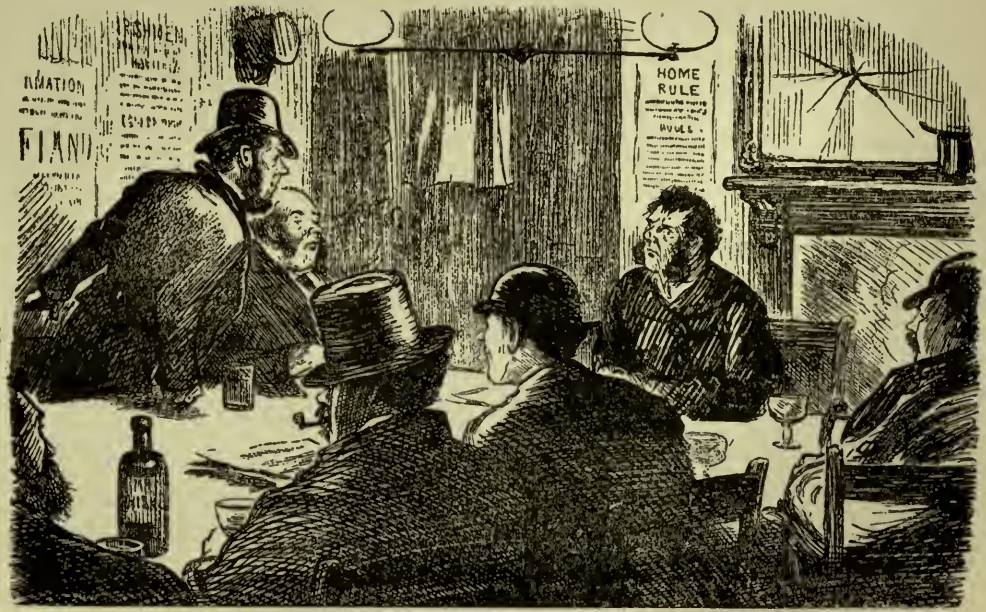
Bedad, Oi was startled. Him beggin' me vote,
An' he'd three of his own too !—The gradiness o 't !
Ye could scarcely belave it onless it was thrue,
An' him sittin' oop for a gintleman too !

Was it betther he thought he could use it than Oi?
Begorrah, Oi'll show he's mistaken, me bhoy.
Oi'll hang it oop over me mantelpace shelf,
For now that Oi 've got it, Oi 'll kape it meself.

IRISH METEOROLOGY.—There surely must be some constant cause existing whose agency maintains the chronic disaffection of Ireland. Perhaps it is some disturbing element ever present in the atmosphere. That may possibly be a predominance of O'Zone.

Old Gentleman (*who has not hurried over his Dinner, and has just got his Bill.*) "Waiter, what's this? I'm charged here twopence for stationery. You know I've had none——"

Irish Waiter. "Faix ! yer honour, I don't know. Y'ave been sittin' here a long t-h-ime, anyhow ! !"



THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE CHAIR.—*Chairman of the Home-Rule Meeting.* "'The chair' will not dispute the point with Misther O'Pummel——" *The O'Pummel.* "'The chair' had betther not, onless he loikes to stip out, and take his coat off!!" [*Confusion—exeunt fighting.*

THE HEADLESS MAN AGAIN.—*Stock-jobber* (*to new Irish clerk, who is working out the Bull and Bear list*). Hullo, why do you write "B" against your results?"

Clerk. Shure, sir, that's for "Bull," to distinguish them from "Bear."

VERY IRISH RENDERING OF AN OLD SONG.—'Tis my *day*light on a shiny night!"

A TASTE OF THE TIMES.—*Mr. Molony, Irish Farmer* (*to Mr. Flynn, the Agent*). "Sure, I've come to ask yer honner to say a word to the masther for me, for the Black Boreen haulding."

Agent. "No, Molony, the masther won't take a tenant without capital."

Mr. Molony. "And is it capital? Sure, I've three hundred pounds in the bank this minit!"

Agent. "Oh, I thought I saw your name to that petition for a reduction of rents, as you were all starving!"

Mr. Molony. "Tare an' agers! Mr. Flynn, darlin'! Is the petition gone to the masther yet? If your honner could just give me a hoult av it, that I may sthrike my name out!"

Tourist. "Have you not got Scotch whiskey?"
Waiter (in an Irish hotel). "No, sorr, we don't kape it. And them as does only uses it to water down our own!"

"AS CLEAR AS MUD."—*Irish Waiter.* "An' will yer 'anner have an inside kyar or an outside kyar?" *Inexperienced Saxon.* "Oh, an outside car, of course; I don't want a covered conveyance; I want to see the country." *Irish Waiter.* "Oh, shure, nayther of 'em's covered." (*Closing door and preparing for a luminous explanation.*) "It's this way, it is, sir. They call 'em inside kyars bekase the wheels is outside, an' they call 'em outside kyars by rason the wheels is inside!!"

A GOOD LISTENER.—*Reverend Gentleman.* "Well, Tim, did you leave the letter at the squire's?" *Tim.* "I did, your riv'rence. I b'lieve they're having dinner company to-day——" *Reverend Gentleman* (*angrily*). "What business had you to be listening about? How often have I told you——" *Tim.* "Plaze your riv'rence, I only listened with my nose!!"

O'Brien. "Oh, murther aloive! Barney, come and help me! Pat has fallen into the mortar, and he's up to the ankles!" *McGeorge,* "Och, if he's only up to the ankles, he can walk out." *O'Brien.* "Oh, bedad, but he's in head first!"

Irish Pat (*to Bashful Bridget*). "Look up, Bridget me darlin'. Shure an' I'd cut me head off ony day in the week for a sight of yer beautiful eyes!"

TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY

Host. "Michael, didn't I tell you to decant the best claret?"

Michael. "You did, sorr." *Host.* "But this isn't the best'

Michael. "No, sorr; but it's the best you've got!"

"THE HARP IN THE AIR"

Irish Gentleman (*who has vainly endeavoured to execute a jig to the fitful music of the telegraph wires*. "Shure! whoiver y'are ye can't play a bit! How can a jintleman dance —(*hic!*)—iv ye don't kape thime?"

THE Cockney who said he valued Switzerland for its mountain hair has a supporter n a writer in the *Irish Independent*, who remarks: "There are many mountains in the country now bare and desolate, whose brows, if whiskered with forests, would present a striking appearance."

GEOGRAPHICAL CATECHISM.—*Q.* What do we now call the Isle of Patmos?

A. Ireland.

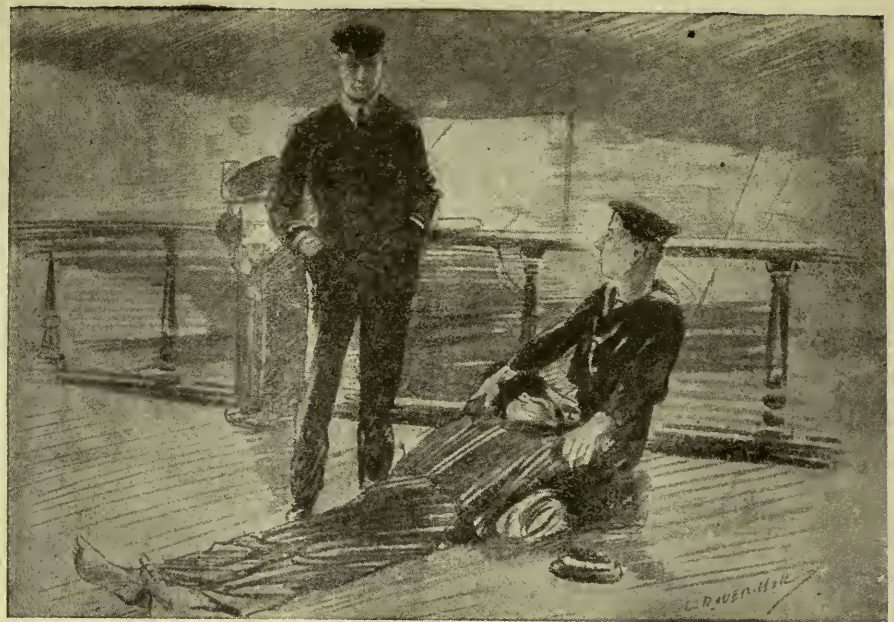
REFRESHMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.—*Traveller in Ireland* (*who has been into a shebeen*). "But are you not going to bait the horse?"

Pat. "Is it bate him? Sure, and didn't I bate him enough coming along?"

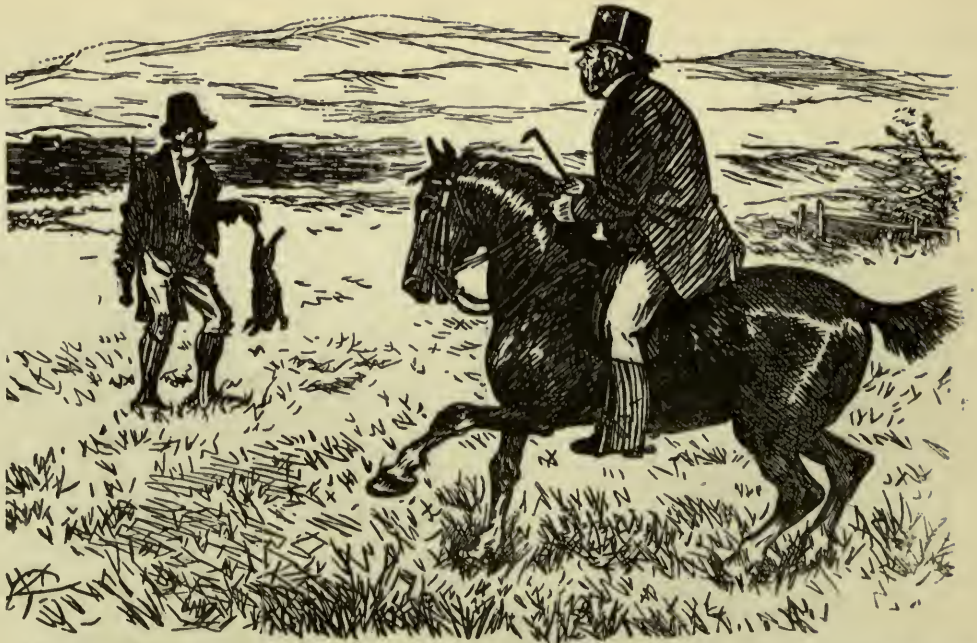
Irish Gent (paying debt of honour.) "There's the sovereign ye kindly lint me, Brown. I'm sorry I haven't been able——"

Saxon (*pocketing the coin*). "Never thought of it from that day to—— By Jove! 'forgot all about it——"

Irish Gent. "Bedad! I wish ye'd tould me that before!"



Surgeon (*examining in the practical methods of reviving the apparently drowned*). "Now, how long would you persevere in those motions of the arms?" *Bluejacket* (*from the Emerald Isle*). "Until he was dead, sir!"



Squire (*rather perplexed*). "Hullo, Pat! Where did you get the hare?" *Pat.* "Shure, sutr, the cr'atur' was wand'rin' about, an' I thought I'd take't to the 'Wanes'!" *Squire.* "But did the keeper see you?" *Pat.* "Bliss yer honour, I've been lookin' for him iver since I caught it!!"

WAITING FOR THE LANDLORD.—*Ribbonman (getting impatient).* "Bedad, they ought to be here by this toime! Sure, Tirince, I hope the ould gintleman hasn't mit wid an accidint!!!"

AN IRISH "BRADSHAW"

(SCENE—*Westland Row Station, Dublin*)

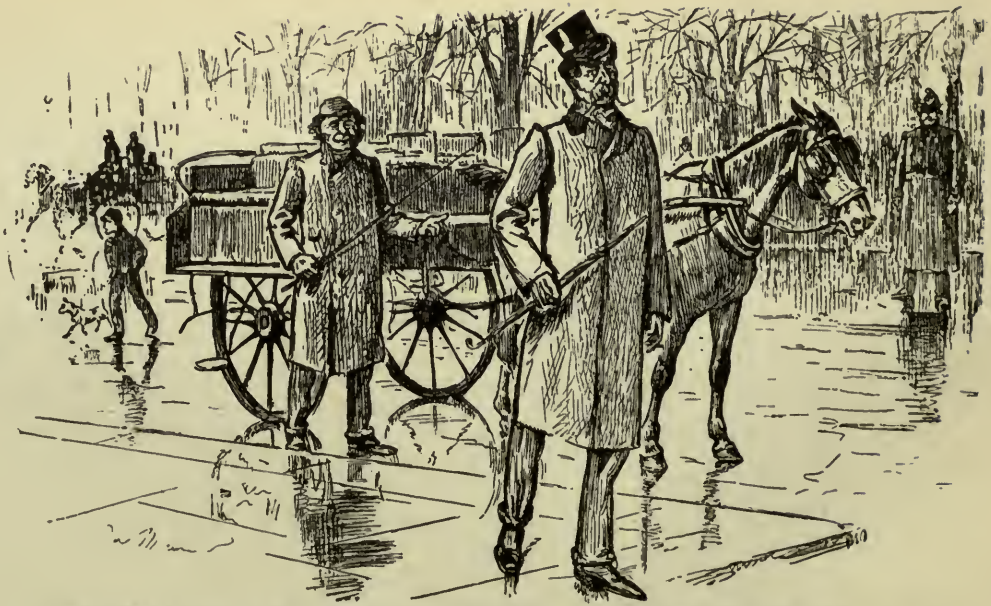
British Swell to Native Inhabitant (*loq.*). "Haw, haw, pray will you direct me the shortest way to Baggot Street, haw?"

Native Inhabitant. "Baggit Street, yer honor, yis, yer honor, d' see that sthreet just forninst ye? Well, goo oop that, toorn nayther to yer right nor to yer lift, till ye khoom to the foorst toorn, and when ye khoom to the foorst toorn, don't toorn down that ayther, but walk sthrait on and that'll lade ye to the place *Igs-actly*."

Supercilious Saxon. "Haw, thank yaw, haw!" (*And walks off more mystified than ever.*)

IRISH VACCINATION.—Professor Gamgee says that, owing to the vagrant cur nuisance, "Hydrophobia in man is increasing in Ireland." This fact is one which homœopathy may suggest some reason for not altogether deploring. The canine *virus* and the vaccine may be somewhat analogous; and, if like cures like, many a happy cure may be effected by a mad dog biting a rabid Irishman.

Irishman (*whose mate has just fallen overboard with the bucket while swabbing decks*). "Plaze, captin, do ye rimimber that Scotchie ye tuk aboard the same toime as ye did me? I mane him wot had the lot o' good character papers, an' me that niver had a blissid wan?" *Captain.* "Well?" *Irishman.* "Well—*he's off wid yer pail!*"



"Just make it a couple of shillings, captain dear!"—"No!" "Eighteenpence then, major!"—"No!"
"Och thin, colonel darling, just threppence for a glass o' whiskey!"—"*No*, I tell you!"
"Git out wid ye thin, ye boa conshthructor, sure an' I know'd ye all the toime!"
[*N.B.—The fare is the head of an eminent firm of furriers in Kilconan Street, and cultivates a martial appearance*

CIRCUMLOCUTORY.—*The Parson* (*who likes to question the boys, now and then, in a little elementary science*). "Now, can any of you tell me—Come, I'll ask you, Donovan,—What is salt?" *Irish boy.* "Iv y' plaze, sir,—it's—it's"—(*after a desperate mental effort*)—"it's the stuff that—makes a p'taytor very nasty 'v ye don't ate 't with 't!"

PADDY TO HIS PIG

Och! Piggy dear, an' did ye hear
The thraitors what they say?
The rint is due, an' oh! 'tis you,
Me darlin', that's to pay.
So you, whose squale is music rale
To me—the rascals hint
That you must doi, an' plaise, for whoy?—
The landlord wants his rint!

But no, me jew'l! Oi'm not so cru'l,
To kill an' murther dead
The chum that's ate out ov me plate,
An' shared the fam'ly bed.
Oi would be loike a fool to stroike
A frind to plaise a foe—
If one must doi, why then, says Oi,
The landlord, he must go.

An Irish National School-Lesson.—*Master.* Spell "Patriotism."

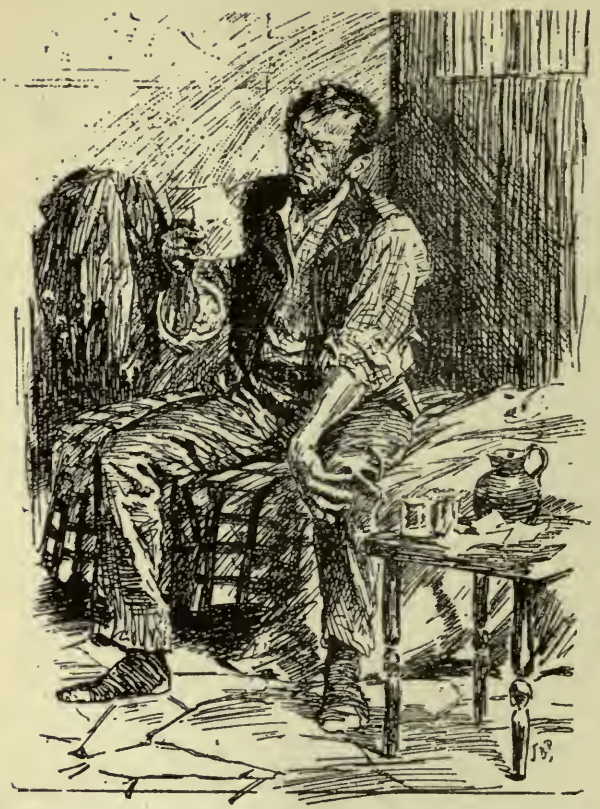
Scholar. P-a-t, "Pat;" r-i-o-t, "riot;" i-s-m "ism."

Master. Now spake it together.

Scholar. Pat-riot-ism.

Master. Ah, then, it's the good boy you are entirely.

Irishman (who has run up a score at the inn, to firemen). "Play on the slate, bhoys!"



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.—*Pat* (*"the morning after," reading prescription*). "'Dissolve wan of the powdhers in half a tumbler of wather, an' th' other powdher in another half tumbler of wather. Mix, an' dhrink whoile efferveshin'.' What'll Oi do? Whoy the div'l didn't he say which Oi was to mix furrst?"

The Colonel. "Mr. Moriarty, I received this morning a most offensive anonymous letter, and, from certain indications, I am compelled reluctantly to ask you if you know anything about it."

Moriarty. "An anonymous letter? Whoy, ***Oi'd scorn to put my name to such a thing.***"

QUITE ANOTHER THING

Paddy (*the loser*). "Arrah g'long! I said I'd lay you foive to wan, but I wasn't goin' to bet my ha'f-crown agin your tath'rin little sixpence!"

[*Exeunt fighting.*

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.—*Irishman (to English Sportsman)*, "Is it throuts? Be jabers, the watther's stiff wid 'em!!!"

["*Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please,*" *as our friend recorded in his diary after a blank day.*

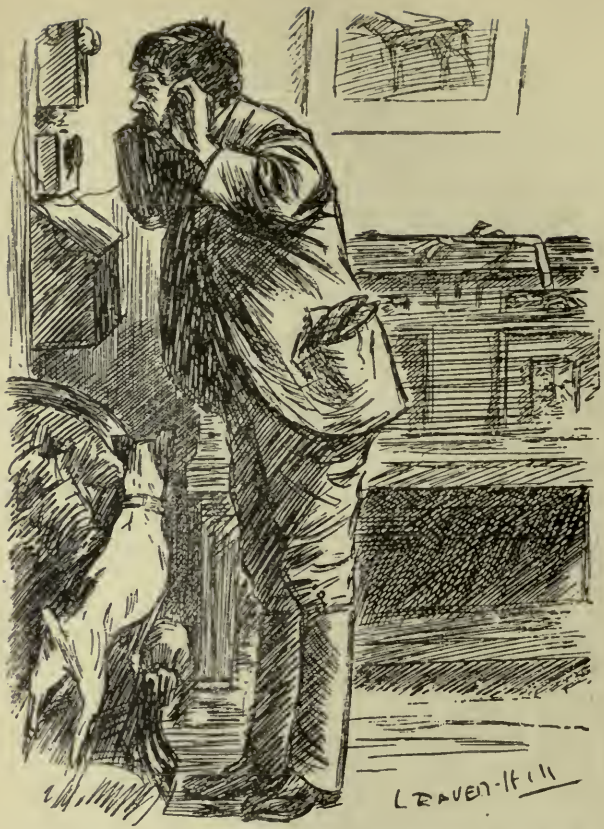
A BREATH FROM THE FAR WEST

"Can I go a yard nearer on my side, as I've lost the sight of me one eye intirely?"

"Pat" Junior (in answer to question by Saxon Tourist). "There's foive of us, yer honour, an' the baby."

Saxon. "And are you the eldest?"

"Pat" Junior. "I am, yer honour—at prisent!!"



Irish Groom. "Will ye send up two sacks of oats an' a bundle av hay."

Voice from Telephone. "Who for?"

Irish Groom. "The harse, av coorse, ye fool!"

INS AND OUTS

Irish Innkeeper (*to "Boots," &c.*). "H'where's Biddee? Out, is she? Bad luck to the hussy! She'll go out twinty toimes for wonce she'll come in!"

"IRISH"

Polite Young Man. "Perhaps you feel a draught, madam?"

Old Lady. "No, sir, not this side. I'm always careful to sit with my back facing the engine!"

WOKE UP

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I heard him complain."—*Watts.*

Boots. "Eight o'clock, surr!"

Voice (from the deeps). "Why didn't ye tell me that before, confound you!"

RULES FOR HOME-RULERS

THE following regulations, to be observed in the Irish Parliament when it meets on College Green, are under consideration :—

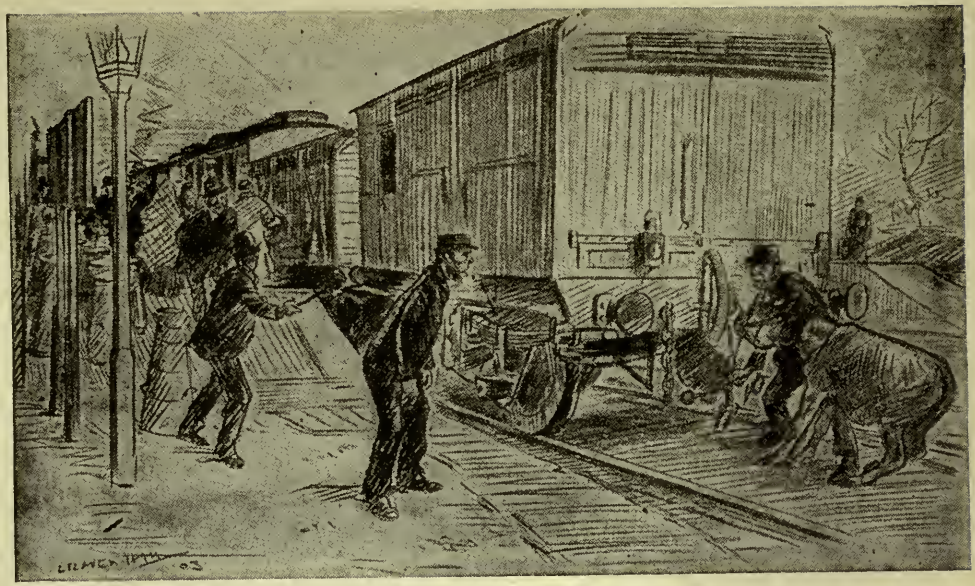
1. The Speaker shall not speak except when he is talking.

2. Such terms as "thief of the wurruld," "spalpeen," "nager," "villian," "polthroon," "thraytor," "omadhawn," &c., and such epithets as "base," "brutal," "bloody-minded," and others named in the schedule to these regulations, shall be considered unparliamentary, except when used in the heat of debate.

3. An Annual Budget shall be presented to the House once a quarter.

4. Shilelaghs, revolvers, and pikes, shall not be introduced into the House, except when accompanied by a Member.

5. A Member shall be bound to attend every debate. A Member, however, shall be excused if he gets up in his place in the House and announces



SCENE—*An Irish Station. Fair Day*

Porter. "An what the divil are ye doin', tying that donkey up there?"

Pat (slightly under the influence, taking his new purchase home). "Shure an' I've a perfect right to! Haven t I taken a ticket for the baste!"

that he would be present were he not ill at home in bed.

6. A quorum shall consist of forty Members. Should a count-out be demanded, Members who have been engaged in personal altercation, shall be included unless they are sufficiently conscious to utter "Erin go Bragh!" thrice distinctly.

7. Duels will be strictly forbidden. Should any Member, however, think proper to break this rule, it will be considered a breach of privilege if he does not invite the Speaker and the whole House to see the fun.

8. There will be only one Speaker; but two or more Members may be elected to the post.

9. Only one Member shall address the House at a time, except when two or more wish to speak at once, in which case they shall not interrupt each other.

10. A Member when addressing the House shall not wear his hat unless he has got it on his head before rising, when he shall remove it on any Member directing the Speaker's attention to the fact.

11. Under no consideration whatever will the

Irish Nurse. "Now thin, mum, wake up an' take yer sleepin' dhraught!"

consumption of any spirits be permitted in the House. This rule does not apply to whiskey, gin, brandy, and the French liqueurs.

12. As only the most elegant Dublin English will be spoken in the House, no Provincial brogue can be tolerated. To this rule there will be no exception.

PAT'S TRUE BREAKFAST CHRONOMETER.—"Sure, me stomach in the early morning is as good as a watch to me. I always know when *it wants 'something to ate.'*"

A BROAD HINT.—*English Traveller* (*to Irish Railway Porter labelling luggage*). "Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter?"

Porter. "Shure, your honour, our tongues is the only insthruments we're allowed. But they're asy kep' wet, your honour?"

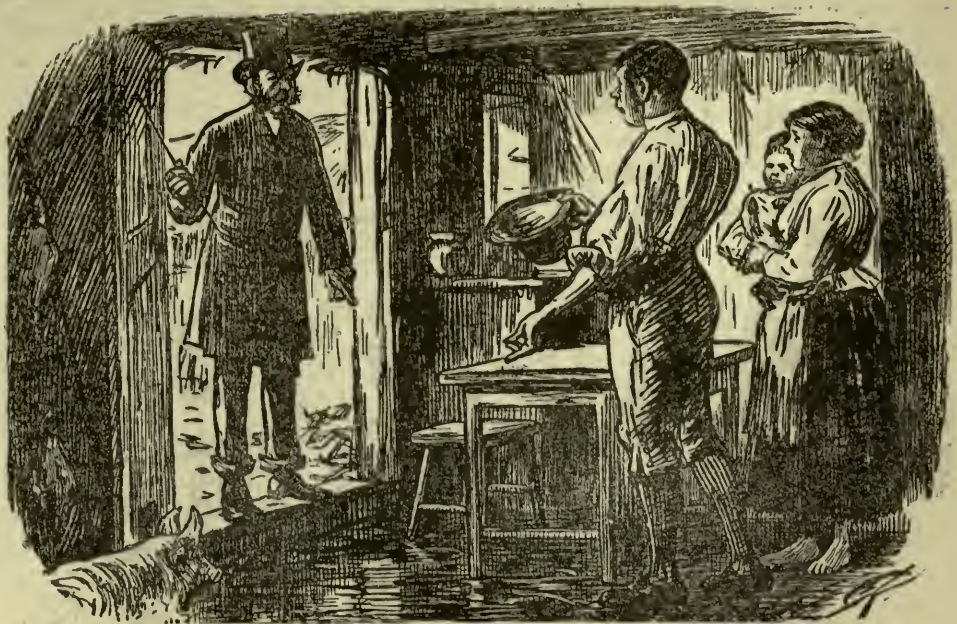
[*Hint taken!*

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING.—*Bachelor.* "Mary, I should like that piece of bacon I left at dinner yesterday."

Irish Servant. "Is it the bit o' bhacon thin? Shure I took it to loight the fhoires!"

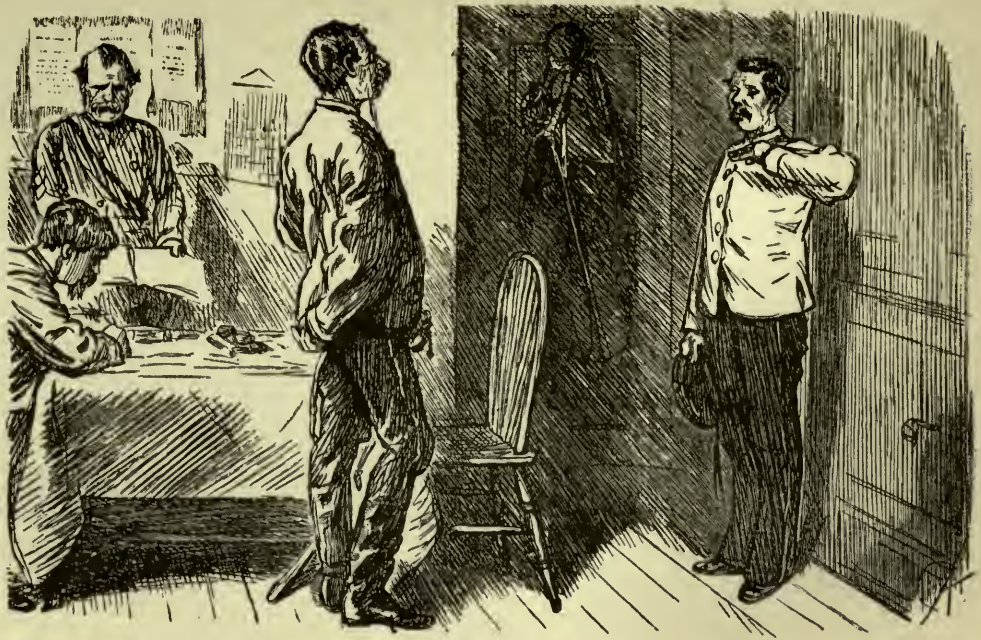
AN EVENING'S FISHING (BEHIND THE DISTILLERY AT SLIGO).—*First Factory Lad.* "Dom'nick, did ye get e'er a bite at all?" *Second Ditto.* "Sorra wan, Pat. Only wan small wan!" *First Ditto.* "Yerrah! Lave it there, an' come home. Shure you'll get more than that in bed!"

EXPENDED.—*Guest.* "Will you give me a little champagne?" *Hibernian Waiter.* "Shumpane, sor? Bedad, I've had none meself this two hours!"



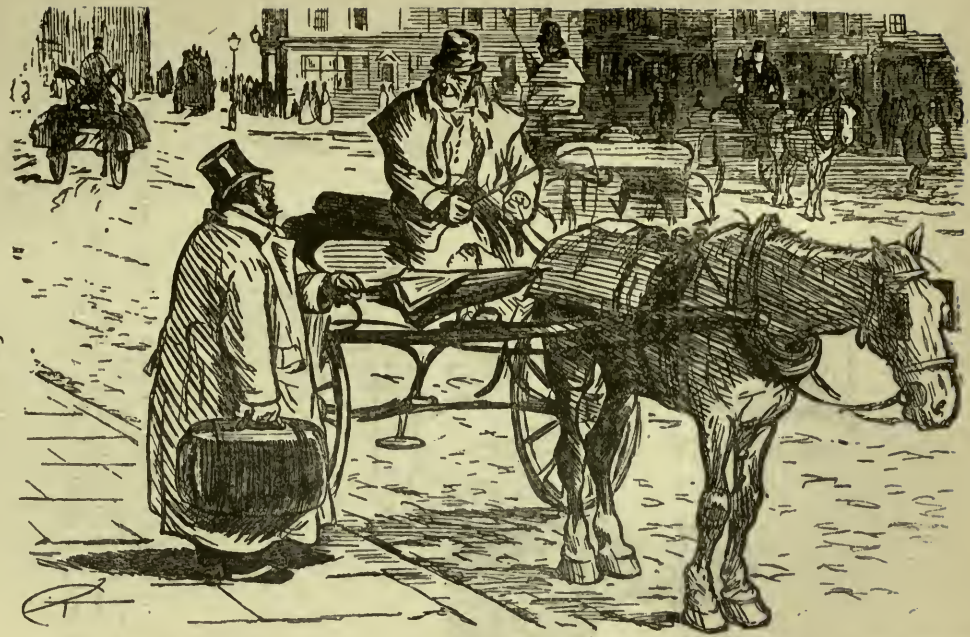
"OPPRISSION."—*Landlord.* "Tut-t-t! 'O'bless my soul! This must be seen to, Flannigan! The cabin positively isn't fit to live in! Why, you're ankle-deep in——" *Pat.* "Och sure, sor, it's a mighty convanient house, an' that's an iligant spring in the flure, sor. No throuble to go outside for watter whatever!!"

RATHER TOO LITERAL.—*Country Gentleman* (*in a rage*). "Why, what have you been up to, you idiot? You've let him down, and——" *New Groom.* "Yes, yer honner, ye tould me to break him; an' bruk he is, knees an' all, worse luck!"



"READY, AYE READY!" *Officer* "*Royal Irish.*" "Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Atkins?" *Private Atkins.* "Train from London was very late, sir." *Officer.* "Very good. Next thime the thrain s late, take care y' come by an earlier one!"

Irish Dealer. "Ach, begorra, would ye run over the cushtomers? Sure, it's scarce enough they are!"



SUPERROGATION.—*Humanitarian.* "Couldn't you manage to put a little more flesh on your poor horses' bones? He's frightfully thin!" *Car-driver.* "Bedad, surr, what's the use o' that? The poor baste can hardly carry what he's got a'ready!"

Mrs. O'Brady. "Shure oi want to bank twinty pounds. Can I draw it out quick if I want it?"

Postmaster. "Indade, Mrs. O'Brady, you can draw it out to morrow if you give me a wake's notice!"

It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for carmen to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car. Inspector. "What's the meanin' of this, Pat? Your name's o-bliterated." *Pat.* "Ye lie—it's O'Brien!"

PRESIDENT PAT

(*From the forthcoming History of Parliament*)

ONE blow and Ireland sprang from the head of her Saxon enslaver a new Minerva! Proudly and solemnly she then sat down to frame a Republic worthy of Plato and Pat. Her first president had been a workhouse porter and a night watchman. He was, therefore, eminently fitted both for civil and military administration. The speech of President Pat on opening Congress develops his policy and his well-digested plans of legislative reform. Here are a few choice quotations:—

The key-stone of Government is the blarney stone.

Political progress may always be accelerated by a bludgeon.

Our institutions must be consolidated by soft soap and whacks.

The people's will is made known by manifesto, and by many fists too.

Every man shall be qualified to sit in Congress

Clerk. "Return?" *Pat.* "Phwat for ud Oi be wantin' a returrn ticket when Oi'm here already?"

that is a 10 lb. pig-holder, provided that the pig and the member sleep under the same roof.

Members of Congress will be remunerated for their public services. Gentlemen wearing gloves only to have the privilege of shaking the president's hand. The unwashed to be paid at the door.

Pipes will not be allowed on the Opposition benches, nor may any member take whiskey until challenged by the president.

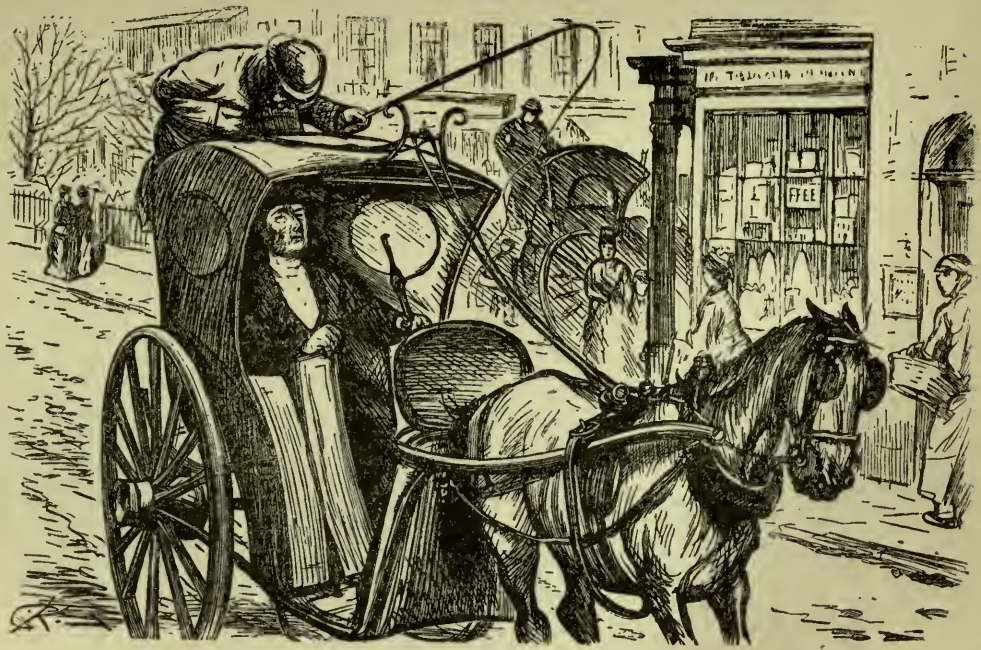
Under no circumstances will a member be suffered to sit with his blunderbuss at full-cock, nor pointed at the president's ear.

Our ambassadors will be chosen from our most meritorious postmen, so that they may have no difficulty in reading their letters.

The Foreign Office will be presided over by a patriotic editor who has travelled in New South Wales and is thoroughly conversant with its language.

Instead of bulwarks, the island will be fortified by Irish bulls; our military engineers being of opinion that no other horn-works are so efficient or necessary.

To prevent heart-burnings between landlord



THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.—*Fare* (*out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a mile*). "Hi, this won't do! I shall get out!" *Cabby* (*through the trap, in a whisper*). "Ah thin, sor, niver mind her! Sit still! Don't give her the satisfaction av knowin' she's got rid av ye!!"

and tenant, a Government collector of rents will be appointed, and tenant-right shall include a power to shoot over the land, and at any one on it. —*Punch*, 1865.

"MASTER'S away from home, sir. Would you please to leave your name?"

"Faix, an' what should I be lavin' me name forr, bedad! when he knows me quite well?"

RATHER MIXED.—The following is from *The Irish Times* on "Landslips":—"To feel the solid earth rock beneath his feet, to have his natural foothold on the globe's surface swept, so to speak, out of his grasp, is to the stoutest heart of man terrifying in the extreme."

FROM IRELAND.—Good name for an auctioneer's wife—Biddy.

HIBERNIAN ARITHMETIC

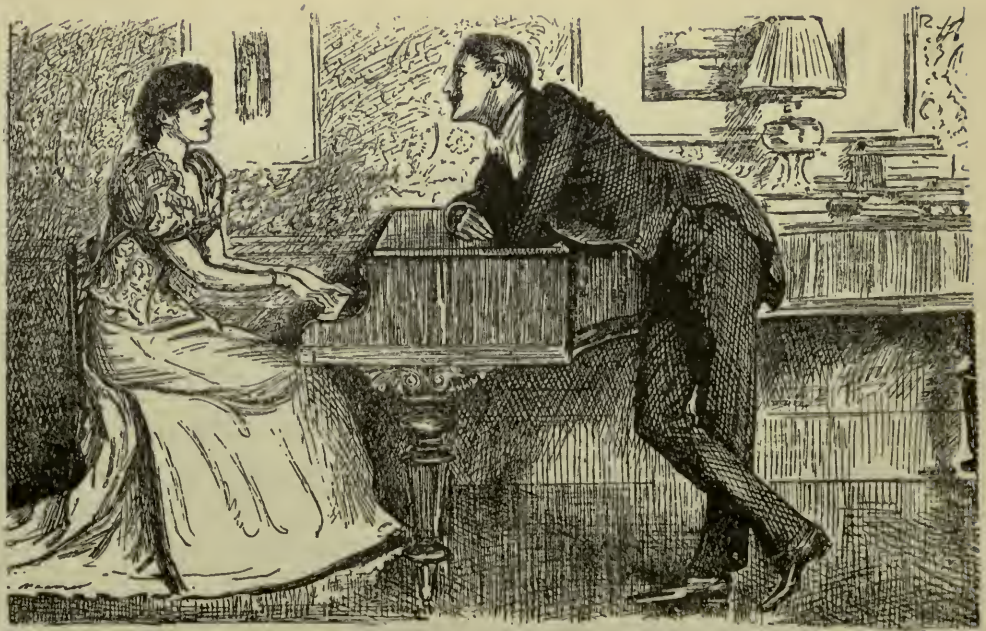
SHURE multiplication—of chiefs—*is* vexation,
But faix, there is fun in substhraction.
Addition will you knit with me as one unit,
And unity flabberghasts faction.
As for rule o' three!—betther one, and that me!
The wise, and the sthrong, and the clever!
But till *Oi*'m up top, and all over the shop,
I'll cry, "Long division for iver!"

ECONOMY.—*Pat.* "And ye say, if I take this one, I'll save ha'f the fuul? Bedad!"—(*struck with a bright idea*)—"I'll take a pair of 'em—and save it all——!!"

Fisherman (*beginner*). "Don't you think, Peter, I've improved a good deal since I began?"

Peter (*anxious to pay a compliment*). "You have, sorr. But sure it was aisy for *you* to improve, sorr!"

Irish Bag Carrier (*commenting on the crack shot of the party*). "Sure, thin, and I do not think much av him! Ivery lot o' birds he'll be afther firin' both barrels of his gun, and divil a one he kills but two!"



GROVES OF BLARNEY.—"And it's a perfect miracle the sounds ye manage to extract from that old tin kettle, Miss Cecilia; sure we don't hear the dumb notes at all!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—*His Master.* "Did you take those boots of mine to be soled, Larry?" *Irish Valet.* "I did, sor, and see the thrifle the blag'yard gave me for'm!—'said they were purty nigh wore through!!"

IRISH INGENUITY.—*Saxon Tourist.* "What on earth are you lowering the shafts for?" (*He has just found out that this manœuvre is gone through at every ascent.*) *Car-Driver.* "Shure, yer 'onner, we'll make 'm b'lave he's goin' down hill!"

TRANSPOSITION.—*Irish Sergeant.* "Mark time! Change your stip, that man!" *Recruit,* 'If ye plaze surr——" *Sergeant.* "Silence—an' fall out at oncet an' change your feet!"

REMINISCENCES OF HEDGE-FIRING

Itinerant Photographer (*from under the cloth*). "Will you keep quiet? How do you suppose——"

Subject (*who is evading the focus*). "Be jabers, man! will I sit still to be shot at?!!"

"In Extremis."—*Pat.* "Do ye buy rags and bones here?" *Merchant.* "We do, surr." *Pat.* "Thin, be jabers! put me on the schkales!!"

THE VERDICT.—*First Irishman* (*waiting in the corridor—to his friend, rushing in from the Court*). "What's Tim got?" *Second Irishman* (*in a breathless whisper*). "For loife!" *First Irishman.* "For loife!" (*With emotion.*) "Och shure, he won't live half the thoime!!"

One of the Finest Pisantry (in custody, having had a shillelagh difference with a fellow-countryman).
"Shure! Mayn't Oi see me frind aff b' the thrain, sorr?"

HOW TO MAKE AN IRISH STORY

LAY your scene principally in Galway, and let your chief characters be the officers of a regiment of Dragoons. Represent them as habitual drunkards, as duellists, and as practical jokers; but take care to exclude from their tricks everything like wit. Introduce as frequently as possible, with the necessary variation only of time, place, and circumstance, a tipsy brawl, with a table oversetting in the midst of it, and a ragamuffin with a great stick in his hand, capering thereon. Do not omit to mention the bottles and glasses that whistle, during this performance, about his ears, nor the chairs and fire-irons which are used by the surrounding combatants; and under the table fail not to place your comic character; for instance, your priest. Upset mail coaches, and make horses run away with their riders continually: and be careful, having bribed some clever artist to prostitute his talents, to have all these intellectually humorous scenes illustrated, in that your readers may fully appreciate

Lady. "I was awfully sorry, professor, I was unable to come to your lecture last night. Were there many there?" *The Professor* (*Irish*). "Um—well—not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be!"

the only jokes they are likely to understand. Put "an affair of honour" into about every other chapter; and for the credit and renown of your country, you being an Irishman, exhibit it as conducted with the most insensate levity. Indeed, in furtherance of this object, depict your countrymen in general as a set of irrational, unfeeling, crazy blockheads; only, not having sense enough to be selfish, as lavish and prodigal in the extreme. Never mind your plot, but string adventure upon adventure, without sequence or connexion; just remembering to wind up with a marriage. For example, your hero may shoot some old gentleman through the head—or hat—and run away with his niece, an heiress. Whenever you are at a loss for fun—that is, when you find it impracticable to tumble or knock one another down—throw yourself on your brogue, and introduce—"Arrah! now, honey, be aisy." "Long life to yer honour, sure, and didn't I?" "Is it praties, ye mane?" "Sorrow a bit." "*Musha!*" "*Mavourneen!*" and the like phrases (having the interjectional ones printed in italics, that their point may be the more obvious), which you will find excellent substitutes

Irish Manservant (who has been requested by a guest to procure him a blue-bottle for fishing purposes—returning from his quest). "If ye plaze, sorr, would a green soda-water bottle be what ye're wantin'?"

for wit. Your tale, thus prepared, take it to some publisher, and let him serve it up monthly to the unintelligent portion of the public with puff sauce.

NEW AIR FOR ORANGE BANDS.—"Down, down, derry, down!"

WHO were the original bogtrotters? The *Fen*ians.

HIBERNIAN ORDER.—An Irish correspondent informs us that in Tipperary tumult is the order of the day.

ADVICE TO IRISH TENANTS.—Instead of taking "just a drain"—"Just take to draining."

AN IRISH REASON FOR FIXITY OF TENURE.

MR. PUNCH, SIRR,—Why wouldn't you "fix" Irish *tinants?* Sure Irish *landlords* is in a divil of a fix already.

Your constant reader, RORY O'MORE.

A DISCLOSURE which can only be made in words certainly "tending to a breach of the peace":—One Irishman disclosing his religion to another.

Tourist (*who has just given Pat a drink from his flask*). "That's a drop of good whiskey—eh, Pat?" *Pat.* "Faith, ye may well say that, sorr. Shure, it wint down my t'roat loike a torchlight procession!"

MISPLACED MERRIMENT

Irish Doctor (*who* was *a great believer in a little "playful badinage"*). "Oh dear! oh dear! an' what a tarrible depressin' soight ye've gone an' made ov yersilf! What is ut now, is ut a '*tableau v·evant*' ye're playin' at, or what?"

[*Further attendance dispensed with.*

A FAILURE!

Irish Contributor (at a "check"). "By the powers—'wish I hadn't bought this thype-writer-r—'t cann't spell a bit!"

Editor of Libellous Rag (*who has just received a terrific but well-deserved kick*). "Dud you mane thot?" *Colonel McMurder.* "Yis, Oi *dud*, you thunderin' villain!" *Editor.* "Oh, very well, thot's all *roight*. Oi t'ought it moight av been wan o' thim prac-ta-cle jokes!"

Irish Emigrant (*emerging from the steerage, feebly*). "Where's the sails? What is it makes the ship go along?" *Fellow Passenger.* "This ain't no sailing ship. This is a steam ship, this is. Fifteen thousand horse-power." *Irish Emigrant.* "Fifteen thousand horses! Think of that, now! And where's the *shtablin'?*"

A NEW FORM OF D.T.—*The Irish Curate* (*to the New Vicar*). "That poor man, sir, has always got a skeleton just in front of him that follows him about wherever he goes!"

FROM the *Cork Constitution*:—"The friends of a respectable young widow want to get her housekeeping in a respectable widower's family; understands her business." There seems a certain want of *finesse* in this latter statement.

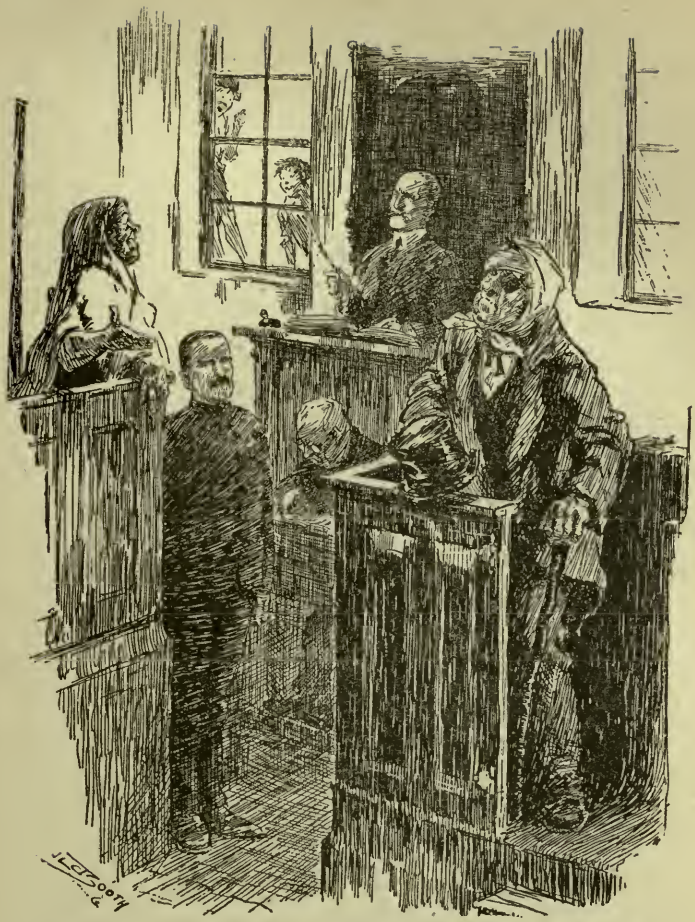
THE IRISH BULL IN INDIA.—For sale.—Eleven elephants, male and female, priced low to effect speedy sale. Full particulars from Pat Doyle, No. 11, Brooking Street, Rangoon. *Note.*—Four of the above have been sold.—(From the *Rangoon Gazette.*)

CONFUSION OF IDEAS.—The man who said that he was so particular about his bacon that he never ventured on a rasher without first seeing the pig which had supplied it, must have been an Irishman.

THE WAX-CHANDLERS' PARADISE.—Wicklow county.

Mr. O'Rorke (who has been quarrelling with a visitor). "Now, remember, Jane, the next time you let that man in you're to shut the door in his face!"

Policeman (examining broken window). "Begorra, but it's more sarious thin Oi thought it was. It's broke on *both sides!*"



"PRIMA FACIE."—*Magistrate.* "The evidence shows that you threw a stone at this man." *Mrs. O'Hooligan.* "Faith, then, the looks o' the baste shows better 'n that, yer honour. They shows I 'it 'im!"

During hot weather. Sudden shower of rain.—Irish Visitor. "Ah, now this *is* welcome! An hour's rain like this will do more good in five minutes than a week of it!"

SCENE—*Cottage in West of Ireland during a rainstorm.*

Tourist. "Why don't you mend those big holes in the roof?" *Pat.* "Wud your honour have me go out an' mend it in all this rain?" *Tourist.* "No. But you could do it when it is fine." *Pat.* "Shure, your honour, there's no need to do it thin!"

"NOT KILT, BUT SPACHELESS."—At Clonakilty Sessions the other day, the following evidence was given:—

"Patrick Feen was examined, and stated he resided at Dunnycove, parish of Ardfield. . . . Gave defendant's brother a blow of his open hand and knocked him down for fun, and out of friendship. (*Laughter.*)"

What a good-natured, open-handed friend Mr. Patrick Feen must be! John Hegarty, the person assaulted, corroborated the account, and added—

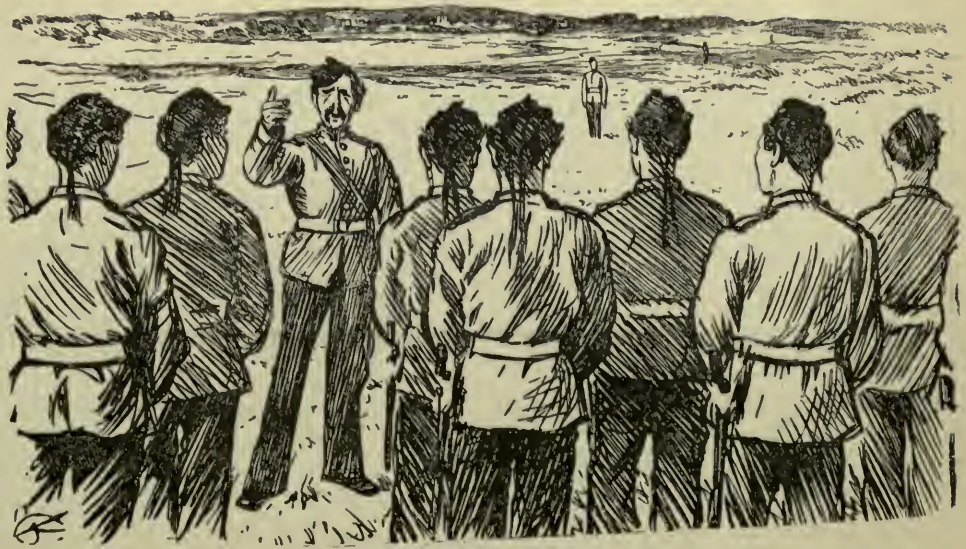
"When he was knocked down, he stopped there. (*Laughter.*)"

In fact, he "held the field," and "remained in possession of the ground." Who will now say that the old humour is dying out in Erin?

A CONSTANT DROPPING.—*Father Sullivan* (*watching Murphy of the Blazers, who has again come to grief at a wall*). Bedad, he'll soon have quarried a gap in ivery wall in Galway. He goes no faster than Donovan's hearse, and he falls over ivery obsthacle he encounthers.

Father O'Grady. Faith, ye're right there. Murphy cavat lapidem non vi sed saypy cadendo!

"De Profundis."—*Pat* (*after a sip*). "An' which did ye put in first—the whisky or the wather?" *Domestic.* "The whisky, av coorse." *Pat.* "Ah thin maybe I'll be coming to 't bye-'n-bye!"



LUCID!—*Irish Sergeant (to squad at judging-distance drill).* "Now, ye'll pay the greates of attintion to the man at eight hundred yr-rds: becase, if ye can't see 'm, ye'll be deceived in his 'apparance!!"

HIBERNIAN VERACITY.—*Paterfamilias* (*with his family in Ireland*). "Have you any West India pickles waiter?." *Paddy.* "We've not, sor." *Paterfamilias.* "No hot pickles of any description?" *Paddy.* "No; shure they're all cowld, sor."

"IT IS SOMETIMES DANGEROUS TO INQUIRE"
Old Poet

Inquisitive Tourist. "And how do you find the crops this year, Murphy?"

Murphy. "How do I find the crops is it? Sure, your honour, 'tis by digging for 'em, any way!"

MINERALOGICAL DISCOVERY BY AN IRISHMAN.—How to turn brass into gold:—"Marry an heiress.'

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND

Bloated Saxon. "But surely, is it not the fact that of late years the number of absentees among the Irish landholders is not so large as——"

Irish Guest. "Oi big y'r par-r-d'n, sor! 'Give ye me wor-rd 'f honour-r me unhappee countree *swa-ar-rms* with 'm 't th' pris'nt t-hime!!"

ALL BLACKS ALL FORLORN.—*Irishman* (*on hearing of the high prices offered for tickets for a big football match*). Sure, thin, everybody 'll be after sellin' their tickets and it's nobody there at all there 'll be!

Nurse. "Bridget, come here and see a French baby born in Dublin." *Bridget.* "Poor little darlint! It's a great perplexity you'll be to yourself, I'm thinkin', when you begin shpeakin'!"

"RELAPSE."—*Squire.* "Why, Pat, what are you doing, standing by the wall of the public-house? I thought you were a teetotaller!" *Pat.* "Yes, yer honnor. I'm just listenin' to them impenitent boys drinking inside!"

EXTRACTS FROM THE IRISH HUE AND CRY

TONY GOWAN is advertised of having lost "a pig with a very long tail, and a black spot on the tip of its snout that curls up behind."

A cow is described as "very difficult to milk, and of no use to anyone but the owner, with one horn much longer than the other."

John Hawkins is alluded to as having "a pair of quick grey eyes, with little or no whiskers, and a Roman nose, that has a great difficulty in looking any one in the face."

Betsy Waterton is accused of having "absconded with a chest of drawers and a cock and hen, and has red hair and a broken tooth, none of which are her own."

The manager of the savings' bank at Dunferry, near Goofowran, is spoken of in these terms: "He had on, when last seen, a pair of corduroy trousers with a tremendous squint rather the worse for wear, besides an affected lisp, which he endeavours to conceal with a pair of gold spectacles."

Mrs. O'Flannigan *(to husband, who has had india-rubber heels to his boots).* "Now you sound just like a policeman walking; for, bedad, I can't hear you at all, at all!"

A burglar has his portrait taken in the following manner :—"He has little or no hair, but black eyes on a turned-up nose, which is dyed black to conceal its greyness."

"THIS BOLDNESS BRINGS RELIEF."—*Massinger. Irish "Boy"* (*to benevolent Old Gentleman*). "Maybe yer honour'll give a poor boy something. Sure, it's a dissolute orphin, and deaf and dumb, I am!"

Absent-minded Old Gentleman (*putting his hand in his pocket*). "Poor fellow!"

A DUBLIN grocer advertises his butter thus:

Best Danish	...	...	1*s.* 2*d.*
Best Creamery	...	...	1*s.* 3*d.*
No Better	...	...	1*s.* 4*d.*

MORE "REVENGE FOR THE UNION."—*Saxon Tourist* (*at Irish Railway Station*). "What time does the half-past eleven train start, Paddy?"

Porter. "At thrutty minutes to twilve—sharrup, sor!"

[*Tourist retires up, discomfited.*

Mrs. Malone. "Why, Pat, what's that ye've got? Is it Moriarty that's insulted ye?" *Pat.* "He has, begorrah! But he'll have to wait a week!"

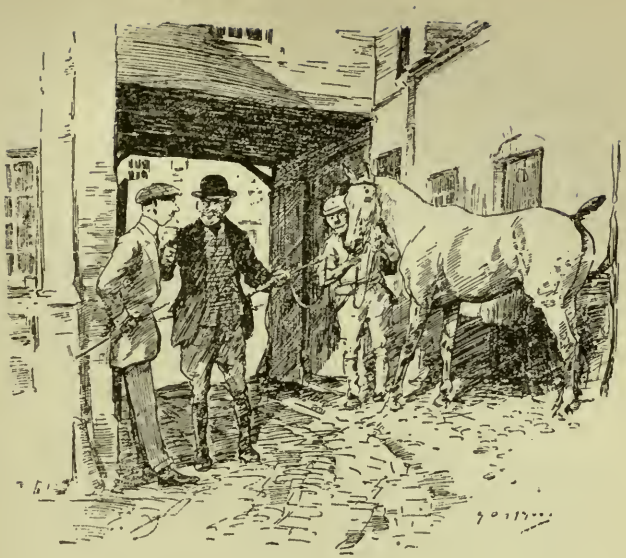
THE UNEMPLOYED QUESTION AGAIN

The Rector. "Now, my good man, if you go up to the harvest field, I am sure you will get work."

Tramping Tim. "Bedad, sor, it's not work I'm wantin', it's nourishment."

"LUCUS A NON," &c.—*Visitor.* "How long has your master been away?"

Irish Footman. "Well, sorr, if he'd come home yistherday, he'd a' been gone a wake to-morrow but ev he doesn't return the day afther, shure he'll a' been away a fortnight next Thorsday"!!



ECONOMY OF LABOUR

Young Softroe (*who is trying to pick up bargains in polo ponies*). "Nice pony, but seems inclined to rest that foreleg, don't you know."

Irish Coper. "And wasn't that phwat I was tellin' ye now! That's a little horse that's always got a leg to spare. Sure, isn't that the very wan he's restin' now against the time he'll be wantin' ut?"

Zoological Specialist (*gazing at solitary sea-lion in the Dublin Zoo*). Where 's his mate?

Irish Keeper. He has no mate, sorr. We just fade him on fish.

A POINT TO THE GOOD.—SCENE—*Immediately after a Point-to-Point Race—Friend* (*to Rider of Winner*). By Jove, old chap, that was a close race! Thought you were beaten just on the post."

Rider (*Irish*). "Faith, me boy, that dimonstrates the advantage of a big horse; for, if ye saw the tail of him a thrifle behind, shure the other end of him was a wee bit in front?"

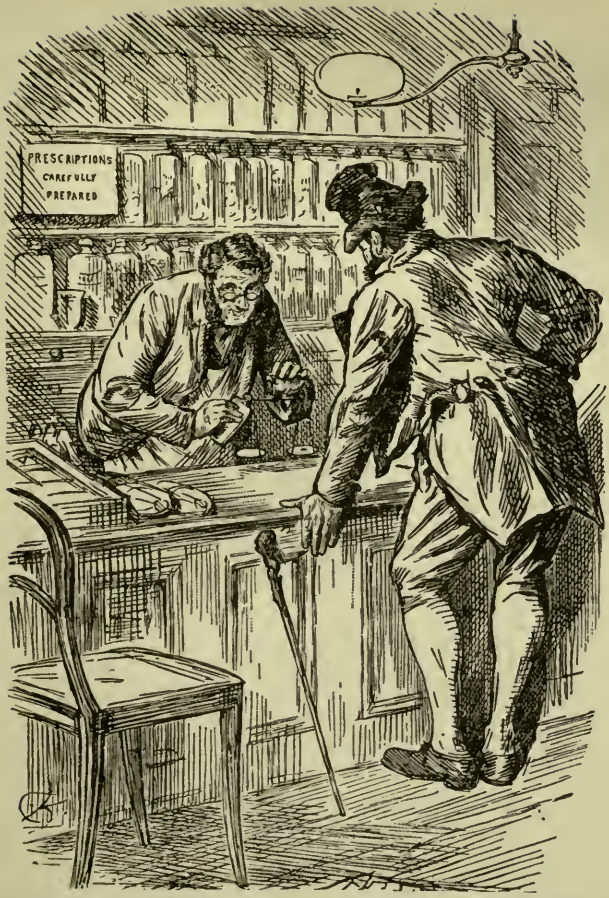
CONFESSION IN CONFUSION.—*Priest.* "Now, tell me, Doolan, truthfully, how often *do* you go to chapel?"

Pat. "Will, now, shure, oi'll till yer riv'rince the trut'. Faix, I go as often as I can avoid!"

School Inspector (anxious to explain the nature of a falsehood). Now, supposing I brought you a canary, and told you it was blue, what would that be?

Student (with taste for natural history). Please, sir, a tomtit.

IRISH ITEM.—There have been floods in Cork. Cork, as usual, kept afloat notwithstanding.



ALLOPATHY.—*Paddy (he has brought a prescription to the chemist, who is carefully weighing a very minute portion of calomel).* "Oi beg yer pardon, sor, but y'are mighty nare wid that mid'cine! And—(*coaxingly*)—I may tell ye—'tis for a poor motherliss child!!"

"THE POSTMASTER ABROAD AGAIN"

Pat (to clerk). "Surr! I sint tin shillings to me brother through the post, an' he tills me"—(*fuming*)—"he niver got 't!!"

Clerk (calmly). "At what office did you get the order?"

Pat. "Shure, thin, it was to yoursilf I gave the money, an' be jabers I've got yer receipt for 't!" (*Produces money order in a fury.*) "Look at that, now!!"

INCORRIGIBLE!

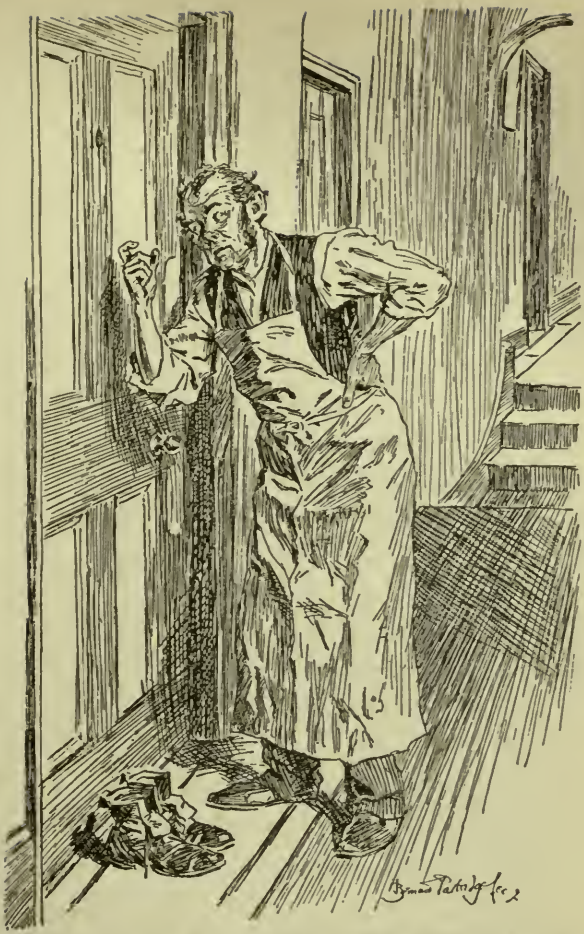
Irish Attorney (to his clerk, who has taken the blue ribbon, and has been "celebrating the event"). "I'll not stand it, surr! Wid yer plidges! Instid o' takin' plidges ye're always breakin', ye'd better make no promises at-all-at-all—and kape 'em!!"

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.—*The Principal* (*from the City, through the telephone, to the foreman at the "Works"*). "How do you get on, Pat?" *Irish Foreman* (*in great awe of the instrument*). "Very well, sir. The goods is sent off." *The Principal* (*knowing Pat's failing*). "What have you got to drink there?" *Pat* (*startled*). "Och! look at that now! It's me breath that done it!"

"Age cannot wither—nor custom stale
His infinite variety"!

Paddy (*to fellow-passenger*). "Oi'm siventy years of age, and ivery wan o' my teeth as perfect as the day I was born, sor!"

Mr. Moriarty. "Look here, Ada, how much longer, for goodness sake, are ye goin' to be dressin' yourself?" *Voice from the heights.* "Only ten minutes, dear!" *Mr. Moriarty.* "Well, all I can say is, if I've got to wait here ten minutes, Ill—'I'll be off this blessed moment!"



Mick (*"boots" at the Ballyragg Hotel, knocking at visitor's door at four a.m.*). "Fwhat toime wud ye wish to be called this morrnun', sorr?"

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE

St. Patrick's Day

THE season of spring gives us lamb and violets, salmon and patron saints. St. David and St. Patrick are commemorated in March, St. George only waits until April. (Of this last-named saint a very careful notice has for some time been in preparation, to include six autobiographical anecdotes of his boyish days, a selection from his unpublished correspondence with his laundress, and an authentic portrait of his chief antagonist—the Dragon.)

St. Patrick's Day! the heart leaps up with uncontrolled delight, and a flood of popular airs comes rushing o'er the brain. What reminiscences of by-gone days invade the territory of the mind! All the population of Dublin, headed by the Lord-Lieutenant and Ulster King-at-Arms, abroad at daybreak, looking for four-leaved shamrocks in the Phœnix Park, and singing Moore's *Melodies* in unison; an agreeable mixture of whiskey and water provided in unlimited quantities in every market town in Ireland, the expense of the water

SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.—'Excuse me, sorr; but can ye direct me to the goin' out intrance?"

being defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund; the Lord Mayor of Dublin presented with a new shillelagh of polished oak, bound with brass, purchased by the united contributions of every grown-up citizen bearing the name of Patrick; the constabulary in new boots; a public dinner on the Blarney Stone, and a fancy-dress ball on the Wicklow Mountains! These are but a few of the marks of distinction showered on this memorable day by Erin's grateful sons and daughters, who owe to St. Patrick two of the greatest distinctions that ever befell them—freedom from serpents, snakes, scorpions, efts, newts, tadpoles, chameleons, salamanders, daddy-long-legs, and all other venomous reptiles, and instruction in six lessons, in "the true art of mixing their liquor, an art," it has been well observed, "which has never since been lost."

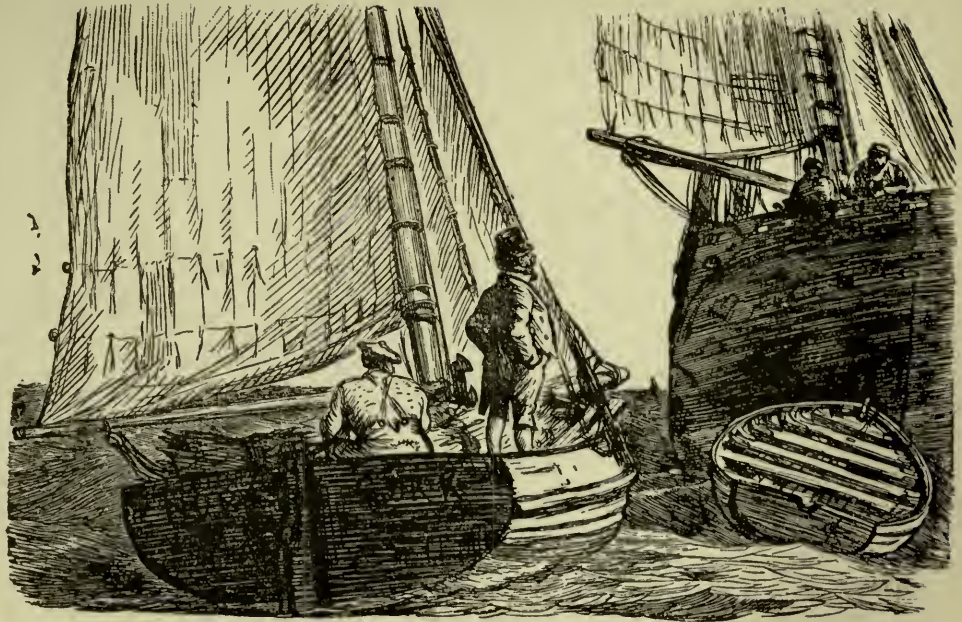
This leaning of the Saint to potheen is viewed, however, by one section of the community with manifest displeasure—the Temperance and Teetotal Societies—who remain indoors the whole of the day with the blinds closely drawn down and straw in front of their houses, and employ paid emissaries

Irish porter (*thrusting his head into a compartment as the train stops at small, dingy, ill-lit country station*). "Is thur annybody there for *here?*"

to distribute tracts amongst their excitable countrymen.

The notorious fact that St. Patrick lived to be considerably more than a hundred, cut a wisdom tooth at ninety-eight, never had a day's illness in his life, was possessed of funded property, and could see to read without spectacles until within six weeks of his untimely end (caused by a fall from a cherry tree), speaks libraries for the tonic and salubrious qualities of that stimulating spirit, which has ever since his day been known and highly appreciated under the name of "L.L.," or Long Livers' Whiskey.

A curious custom is kept up by the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick (founded by King Brian Boroo the Fourteenth) on the morning of this day, the origin of which is lost among the wilds of Connemara. Before it is light the Knights all go up in their robes and shamrocks, one by one, into the belfry of the Cathedral, and toll the great bell one hundred and twenty-three times, the exact number of years to which the Saint, in forgetfulness of Sir George Cornwall Lewis and the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, is said to have attained.



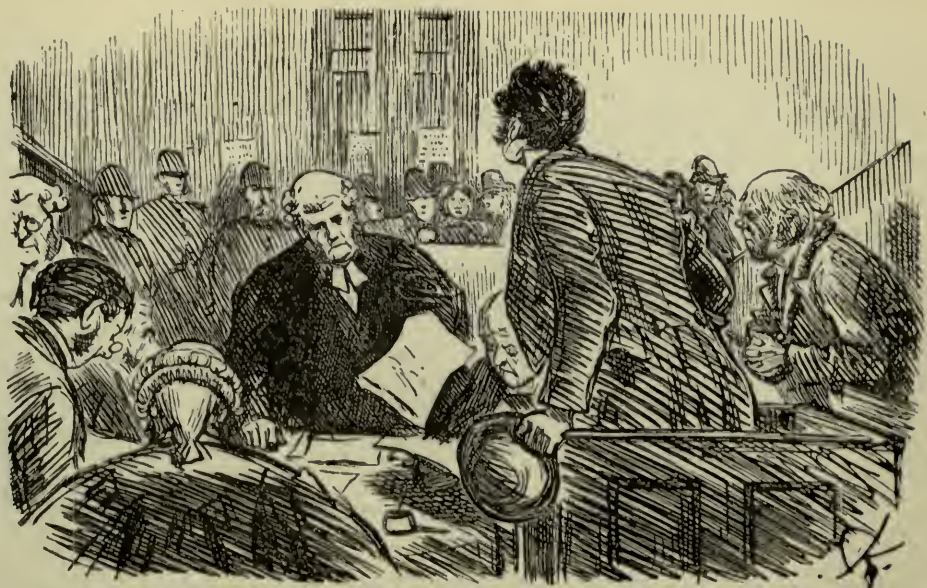
GRANDILOQUENCE.—*Captain of schooner.* "What 'a' you got there, Pat?"
Pat (who has been laying in some firewood and potatoes). "Timber and fruit, yer honour!!"

They then parade the principal streets of Dublin on piebald horses, preceded by a band of music and the Law Officers of the Crown, and disperse at a moment's notice, no one knows where.

St. Patrick's tastes were athletic. He had a wart on his forehead, and a cousin in the militia; and displayed a profound acquaintance with the laws of short whist, then in its infancy. He was an early riser, a deep thinker, and a careless dresser, and foresaw, with an eagle glance, the gradual development of the railway system, while his declining years were soothed by the devoted attentions of some of the oldest families in Ireland.

NEW BULLS *v.* OLD COWS.—At the Thames Police Court Mr. Benson condemned the owner and vendor of a quantity of old Irish cow beef to penalties for selling meat unfit for human consumption. This should be a warning to all whom it may concern, that though new Irish bulls may be introduced freely, and even be relished in this country, there is no toleration for old Irish cows on this side St. George's Channel.

Irish Driver. "Yes, yer 'onner, it's a nasty bit o' road, it is, an' it's likely ye are to 'ave a fall out, if ye aren't drivin' careful!"

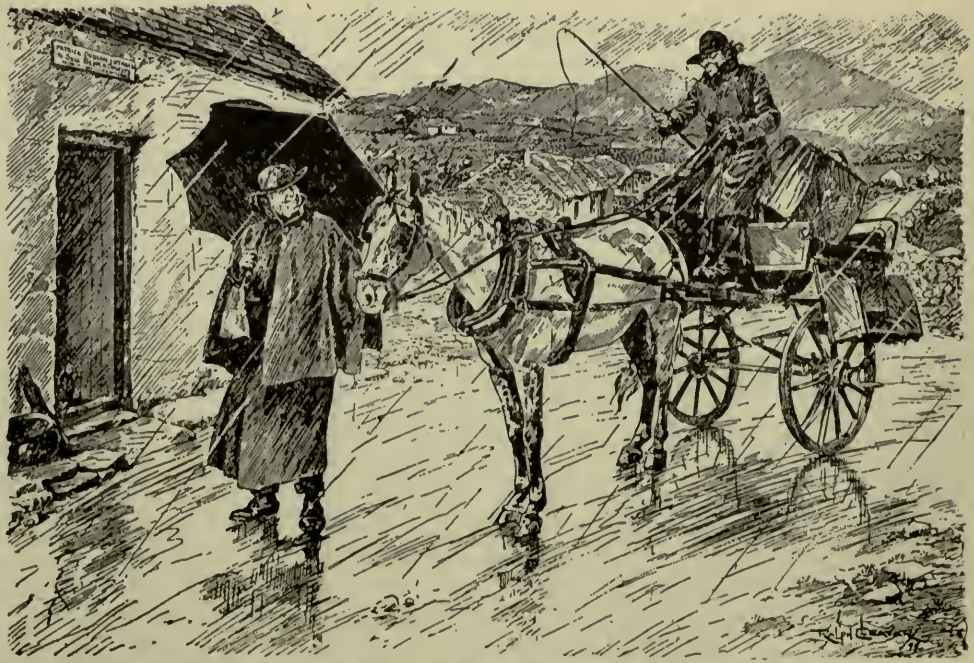


"CIRCUMSTANTIAL."—*Counsel for the Prisoner.* "And you tell me, sir, you saw that blind, helpless fiddler kick the prosecutor on the head along with his other assailants?" *Witness.* "I did, surr! In the thick o' the shindy, I seen the ould vagabone a-feelin' round an' round that honest poor man down on the flewer till he'd found a vacancy, whin he ups wid his fut an' lits fly, the divil's own shoe-full clane into the centre ov't!!!"

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL——."—*Irish Landlord* (*in distressed district, who had paid compensation for not receiving his rents, and was sinking his capital in draining-works, and otherwise "disturbing" his tenants*). "Well, Pat, I hope, with a good harvest, we shall get on without all this 'relief' next season——" *Pat* (*an optimist*). "Och, plaze heaven, yer honour, we'll have another bad year yet!!"

WHEN YOU *ARE* ABOUT IT.—*Magister Familias* (*parting with his butler*). "Here is the letter, Flanagan. I can conscientiously say you are honest and attentive, but I should have to stretch a point if I were to say you are sober." *Mr. Flanagan.* "Thank you, sor. But when you *are* afther strritchin' a point, sor, wouldn't you, plase, sthritch it a little further, and say I'm *aften* sober!!"

LEVELLING UP.—*Subaltern* (*just arrived by rail*). "How much to the barracks?" *Car-driver.* "Ah, shure, thin, captin, the manest ov 'em gives me t'ree and sixpence!"



" So this is your native place, Pat ?" " Yes, your riverence—that is, *par-r-t of the toime !* "

"A PRIVATE VIEW."—*Pat.* "What d'ye think of the Home Rule Bill, Murphy?" *Murphy* (*puzzled*). Begorra, if it means staying at home with the ould woman every blessed day, home rule won't do for me at all, at all!"

P.I.P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp*)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

NO doubt some of our readers have been, at one time or another, in Ireland, especially those who were born there. It is hoped, however, that the following notes may be of some value to those whose attention has now for the first time been attracted to this country by the King's visit.

Many, however, will remember that not very long ago Ireland was the scene of perhaps the most bloodless and humane motor-car encounters of modern times.

The inhabitants of the island (who consist of men, women, and children of both sexes) are full of native character. They are generally fond of animals, especially pigs and "bulls." These latter wear what is known as a Celtic fringe on the forehead.

The principal exports are emigrants, M.P.s, shamrocks, Dublin Fusiliers, Field Marshals, real lace, and cigars.

A full list of "Previous Royal Visits to Ireland and other Countries" will be found in another column of some other paper.

Irish Chambermaid (*indignantly, to gay Lothario who has tried to snatch a kiss and been foiled*). "Ye dare! If it wasn't for soilin' me hands wid ye I'd kick ye downstairs!"

Dublin is the capital of the country, and is pronounced very much like the English word "doubling," with the final "g" omitted.

The tourist will find the language difficulty comparatively easy, as English is now spoken in most of the large shops.

PROOF

Master. "Pat, I must say you're very contradictory."

Pat (emphatically). "I am not, sorr!"

A few phrases, such as "Erin go bragh," "Begorra ye spalpeen," "Acushla mavourneen," &c., are easily learnt, and the trouble involved is amply repaid in the simple joy of the natives on hearing a foreigner speak their own language.

English gold is accepted in Ireland, and the rate

AFTER A SHOOT IN COUNTY CLARE

Master. "Well, Paddy, what sort of a bag?"
Paddy. "Well, yer honour, countin' the rabbits, there is nine distinct spaycies o' birds!"

of exchange works out at twenty shillings to the sovereign. Two sixpences will always be accepted in lieu of a shilling.

N.B.—To avoid disappointment to naturalists and others we think it right to mention that since the late raid of St. Patrick there are no snakes of first-rate quality in Ireland.

"THE FINEST PLEASANTRY IN THE WORLD"

["... the Court was in an uproar from the moment the magistrates took their seats ... Counsel for the Crown was rudely interrupted by the defendants... much to the delight of the crowd.... After some particularly riotous scenes the police were called on to clear the court .... One of the defendants was supplied with meat and bread in court."—*Globe.*]

Counsel for the Crown. The prisoners are charged——

A Defendant. Charged a dale too much for their accommodation. Oi'd loike a bit o' lunch to go on wid. Oi havn't aten a morsel since last time.

[*Loud cries of "Shame on the polis for shtarvin' of um!" "Shtick up for yer roights, avick!" "To h—— wid the magisthrates!"*

Chairman of the Bench. If these observations are repeated, I shall clear the court.

Second Defendant. Arrah thin, clear yer own muddy brain first!

Chairman (*indignantly*). Are these indecent interruptions to continue?

Third Defendant. 'Coorse they are.

This is Mr. Denis O'Brien, who claims descent from the ancient kings of I ela.id. But his pretensions just now do not soar above *half* a crown.

First Defendant. Oi tell ye O'im shtarvin for me lunch. Oi'll take a sandwich and a shmall bottle o' porther.

[*Refreshments brought in by order of the magistrates. Defendants indulge in a sort of "free-and-easy" picnic in the solicitors' well, after which they light dirty clay pipes. Crowd bursts into loud cheers.*

Counsel for the Crown (*resuming*). As I was saying, the defendants are charged with intimidation in this neighbourhood, and so complete has been their system that up to the present moment none of our witnesses have dared to venture near the precincts of the court. We have, however, now endeavoured to get them here by the aid of the police and a small covered van. If we succeed in this——

First Defendant. Ye will not. Whativer decision these fat-headed magistrates give, we shan't obey ut. Even if they acquitted us, *we wouldn't walk out o' the coort!* Ould Oireland for iver!

[*Vociferous cheering, in the midst of which the court was cleared, and the magistrates, under police protection, left for home.*

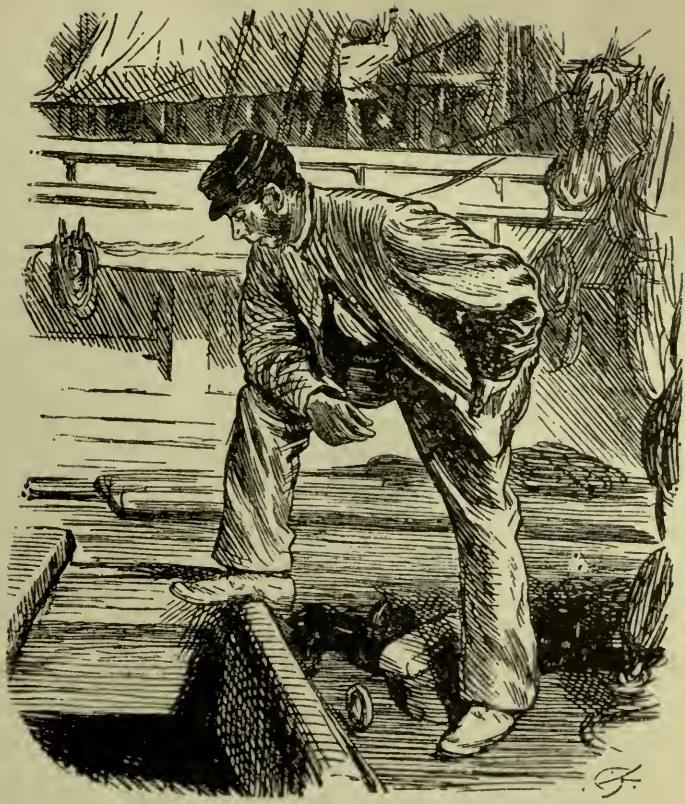
"Sure, Terence, if yez go to the front, kape at the back, or ye'll be kilt, O' know ut!" "Faith, an' isn't that the way Oi get my livin'?"

Father O'Flynn. "And now, Pat Murphy, in this season of Lent, what is it ye'll do by way of penance?" *Pat Murphy.* "Sure, then, I'll—I'll come an' hear your riverance prayche!"

The Vicar. "I have not seen your husband at church lately, Mrs. Murphy."
Mrs. Murphy. "Well, sir, I'm sorry to say as my old man is *enjoying* very bad 'ealth at present!"

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP

Paddy. "Be jabers! the forrst thoime I iver saw rid hirrins swimmin' about aloive before!"



DECIMALS ON DECK

Irish Mate. "How manny iv ye down ther-re?!"
Voice from the Hold. "Three, sor!"
Mate. "Thin half iv ye come up here immadiately!"

Irish Maid. "Do you want a good beating, Master Jimmy, or do you not? Because, if you don't behave yourself this minute—*you'll get both!*"

Mistress. "Poor darling little Topsy! I'm afraid she will never recover. Do you know, Bridget, I think the kindest thing would be to have her shot, and put her out of her misery!"

Bridget. "'Deed, mam, I wouldn't do that. Sure she *might* get better after all, an' then ye'd be sorry ye'd had her kill'd!"

THE SAXON OPPRESSOR.—*Saxon Tourist.* "I suppose the English buy all the pigs that you wish to sell?"

Irish Peasant. "They do. Bad luck to 'em, the toirants!"

FROM SHANNON SHORE.—We extract the following momentous announcement from the *Western Daily Press*:—

"An Irish Member tells me that the motor craze is causing a revival of the Limerick lace trade. This particular kind of lace is, it is said, the best protection that a lady can have for her complexion when she is engaged in breaking the speech limit."

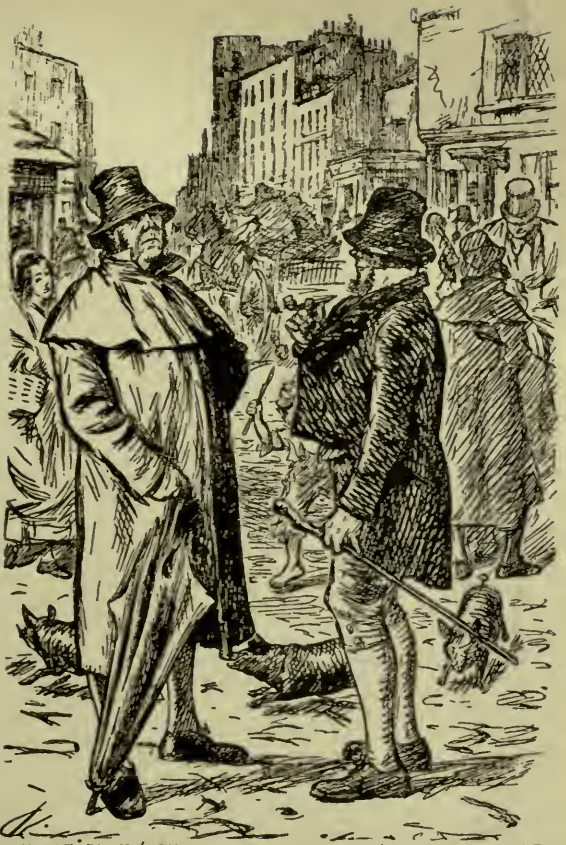
The information must be authentic, for there is no authority like an Irish Member where the "speech limit" is concerned.

AN IRISH BULL ON THE LINE.—"The directors of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway Company are prepared to receive tenders for the purchase of about 750 tons of old steel rails and permanent way scrap. The directors do not bind themselves to accept the *lowest* or any tender."—[Italics by *Mr. Punch.*]

FROM ERIN

Restaurant Waiter. "Bill, sorr? Yes, sorr. It's foive-and-sixpence including the cigyar, and that makes six shillings, sorr!"

"A Word and a Blow!"—*First Gent* (*Celt*). "Ye met 'm at me brother's, the mimber, I think?" *Second Gent* (*Sax n*). "Yes, but I haven't any favourable impression of him—'n fact—um—he struck me as a liar." *First Gent.* Did he, thin?! I hope ye hit 'm back, surr!"



BOYS AT PLAY (AFTER AN EXECUTION).—*First Kilkenny* "*Boy.*" "Did ye see the cock-fightin' at Pat Daly's lasst night?" *Second Kilkenny* "*Boy.*" "I did not." *First Kilkenny* "*Boy.*" "Did ye see the 'boys' 'suffer-r,' this mornin'?" *Second Kilkenny* "*Boy*" (*listlessly*). "I did not." *First Kilkenny* "*Boy.*" "Ah, thin, ye take no delight out o' yerself, at all, at all!"

Dooley. "What's the matter wid ye anyhow, Mick—all tattered an' torrun an' bitten an' scratched all over?"

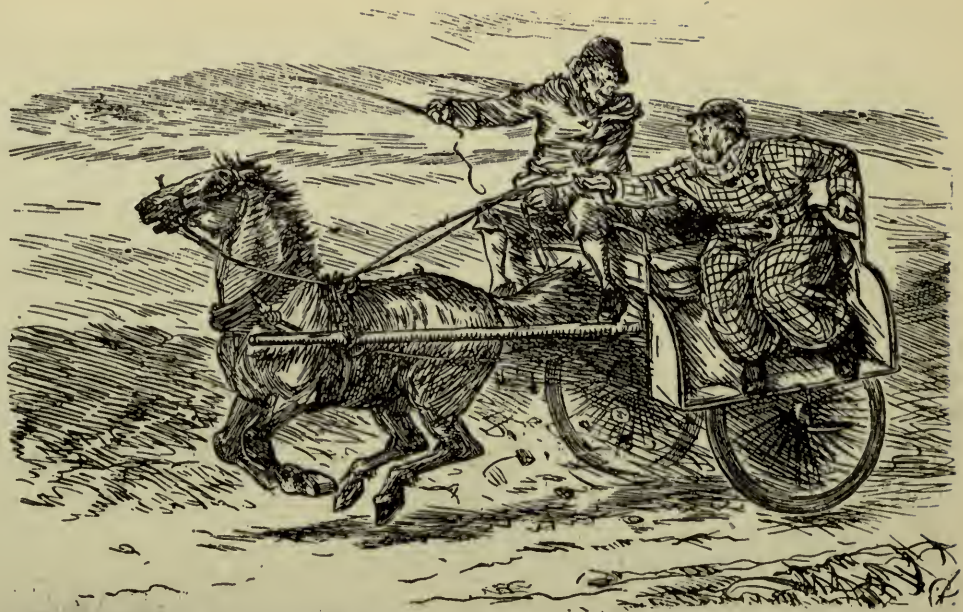
Mick. "Ay, an' me own dog done it! I want home sober last noight, an' the baste *didn't know me!*"

Pat (who has been acting as guide, and has been pointing out the devil's this and the devil's that for the last two hours). "An' *that's* the devil's puch-bowl, yer anner." *Tourist.* "The devil seems to own a good deal of property about here, Pat!" *Pat.* "Ye're roight, yer anner. But, loike most av the other landlords, he spinds most av his toime in London!"

Traveller. "Get on, man; get on! Wake up your nag." *Driver.* "Shure, sorr, I haven't the heart to bate him." *Traveller.* "What's the matter with him? Is he sick?" *Driver.* "No, sor, he's not *sick*, but it's unlucky 'e is, sor, unlucky! You see, sor, every morning, afore I put 'im in the car, I tosses 'im whether 'ell have a feed of oats, or *I*'ll have a dhrink of whisky, *an' the poor baste has lost five mornings running!*"

A SAFE WIN (?)

Pat (in corner, to chaffing friend, who knows him to have backed beaten horse). "Goin' to lose, am Oi! Faith, an' Oi'm not! Shure, Oi've got a 'roifle on every blissed horse in the race!"

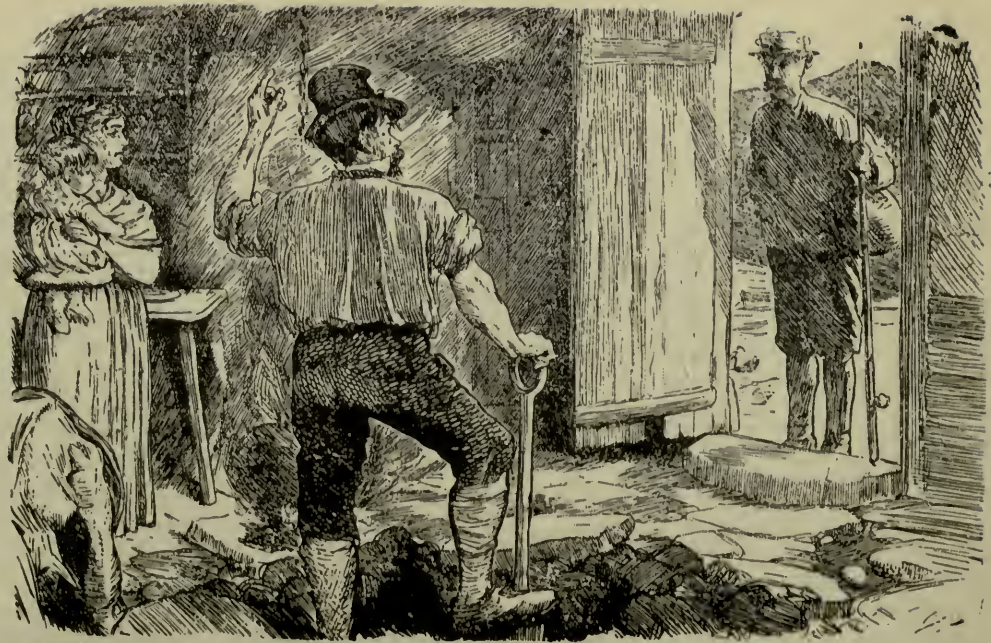


A PLEASANT PROSPECT.—*Traveller* (*in Ireland*). "Hi,—pull her up, man! Don't you see the mare is running away?" *Paddy.* "Hould tight, yer 'onor! For yer life don't touch the reins!—sure they're as rotten as pears! I'll turn her into the river at the bridge below here! Sure that'll stop her, the blagyard!"

Irish Waiter (*to bow-legged traveller in the coffee-room*). "Big pardon, sor. Hadn't your honour better move a little further from the foire?" *Traveller* (*fiercely*). "Eh? Wha' for? Wha' d'ye mean!?" *Irish Waiter*. "Och shure, sor, yer legs is warpin' !—Och! phew! most turrible!"

DOMESTIC TRAINING.—*District Visitor.* "Well, Mrs. Murphy, I'm glad to hear your daughter has got a place as parlour-maid. Do you think she'll be up to the work?" *Mrs. Murphy.* "Ah, thin, why wouldn't she? Sure, isn't she used to the ways at home?"

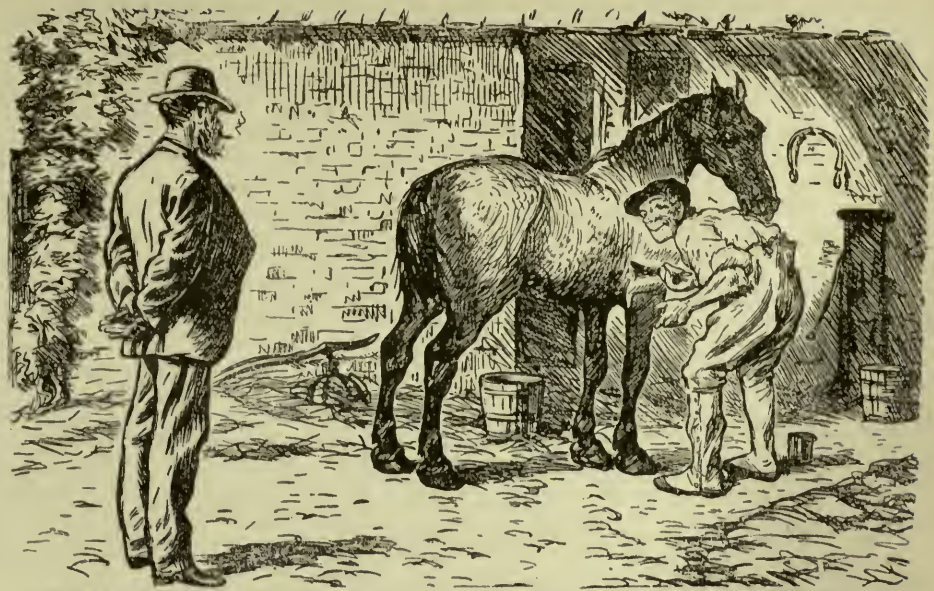
A LITERAL FACT.—*The Young Master* (*to new valet from the Emerald Isle*). "I say, confound you, what have you been doing with my boots here?" (*The night had been rainy.*) *Pat.* "Shure, sorr, you tould me lasst evening to putt 'm on the thrays!"



IRISH ARCHITECTURE.—*Angler (in Ireland).* "Hullo, Pat, what are you about now?" *Pat.* "Shure, I'm raisin' me roof a bit, yer honour-r!!"

BLARNEY.—*Tall Yankee* (*just arrived*). "Guess your legal fare is just sixpence——" *Dublin Carman.* "Sure, me lord, we take some chape jacks at that—but I wouldn't disgrace a gintleman av your lordship's quality be drivin' him at a mane pace t'rough the public sthreets—so I tuk upon myself to give your lordship a shillin'sworth both av stoyle an' whipcard!!"

WORD-PAINTING.—*Sportsman (who has just lost a good fish).* "That was a good one, Tim." *Tim.* "'Deed then it was! He was as long as an umbrella, and had a side on him like a shop shutter!



"GENERAL UTILITY."—(Scene—*Hotel Stables, North of Ireland.*) *Captain.* "Hullo, Pat! What the deuce are you doing to the old mare?" *Pat* "Well, you see, Capt'in, our old black hearse horse went lame yesterday that was wanted for Squire Doherty's funeral, so I'm paintin' up the ould grey for the service. You see her body won't show, by rason o' the housin's, and I'll have to wash her clane ag'in for Miss McGinnety's weddin' on the morrow!!"

"EXCLUSIVE DEALING."—*Irish Landlord* (*boycotted*). "Pat, my man, I'm in no end of a hurry. Put the pony to, and drive me to the station, and I'll give ye half a sovereign!" *Pat* (*Nationalist, but needy*). "Och shure, it's more than me loife is worth to be seen droiving *you*, yer honour. But"—*slily*—"if yer honour would jist droive *me*, maybe it's meself that moight venture it!"

GENERALLY APPLICABLE.—(Scene—*Irish Land Court*). *Sub-Commissioner.* "Now, Murphy, have you effected any improvement in this farm?" *Tenant.* "I have, yer honour! Iver since I got it I've been improvin' it. But, by jabers, it's that sort o' land, the more ye 'mprove 'it the worrse it gets!!"

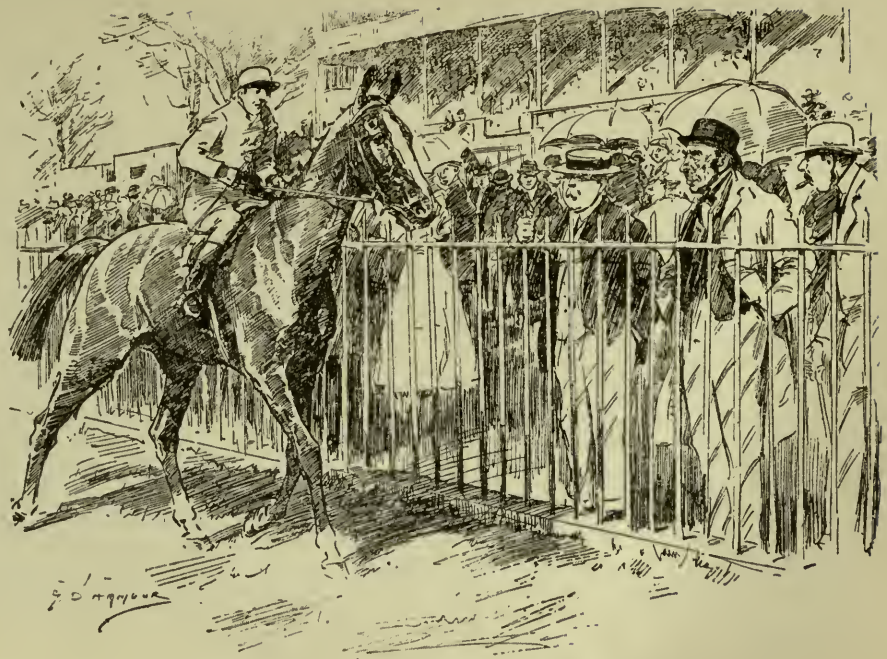
[*Court reduces the rent* 25 *per cent.!*

"A Pleasant Prospect."—*Car-Driver* (*to new agent*). "Begorra, the wondher is he wasn't shot long before—but, shure, they say, what's iverybody's business is nobody's business!"

LIFE IN LEITRIM.—*Saxon Angler.* "Oh, but I can't try for a salmon. I haven't got a licence——" *Native.* "Is it a licence ye want to kill a fish? Shure ye might kill a man or two about here an' nobody'd say a word t' ye!"

Gentleman (to Irish ostler, who has brought out their horses). "That's my horse.

Ostler. "Yes, sorr, Oi know that; but Oi didn't know which of the two was the other gintleman's, sorr!"



" Bedad ! I don't like him at all. He walks lame in his trot."

Irish Jarvey. "Let me dhrive yer honour to Duneen Head."

English Tourist. "I have seen that, Pat. I went there two years ago."

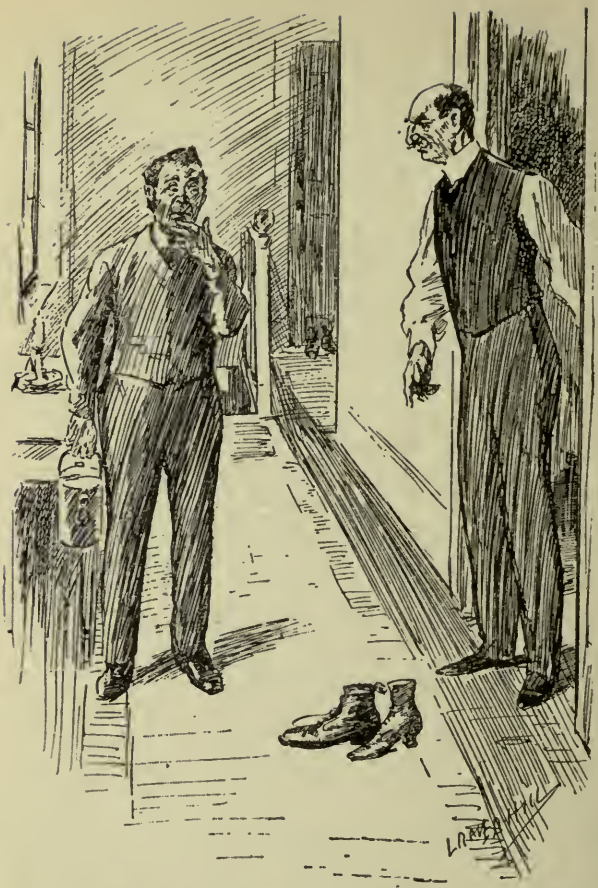
Irish Jarvey. "Ah, yer honour, shure they 've added to the scenery since that toime!"

ANOTHER IRISH OBSTRUCTION

Colonel O'Funk. "I say, my man, what's on the other side of that rail?"

Pat. "Nothing."

Colonel O'Funk. "Then, will you take it down, and I'll clear it?"



ODD!—*The Colonel* (*stopping at Irish Inn*). "Look here. What's the meaning of this?" *Boots.* "Bedad! An' I've got just such another quare pair down below!"

The Rector (to Irish Plasterer). "That mortar must have been very bad." *Pat (with a grin).* "Faix, ye cann't expict the likes o' good Roman ciminit to stick to a Protestant church, sorr!!"

THE SIGHTS OF DUBLIN

Irish Car-Driver. "Shure that's the Custom-House, sor ; but it's only the rare av it you'll be seeing this side, sor—the front's behind I"

A FAIR OFFER

Athletic Barman. "Now, if you don't take yourself off, I'll precious soon turn you out!"

Pat (*with a yell*). "Tur-r-rn me out! Is it tur-r-rn me out! Thin, bedad! come outside, an' tur-r-rn me out!!"

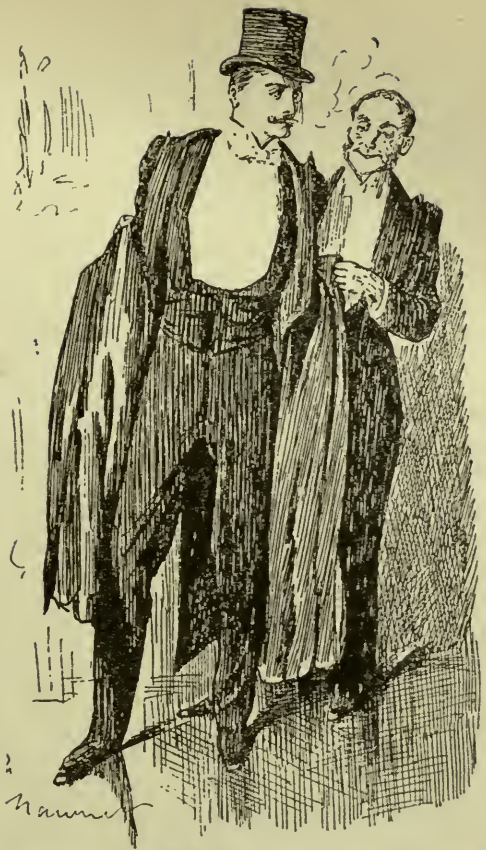
Tourist. "When does the next train start for Cork, porter?"
Irish Porter. "She's just gone, sorr!"

THE NEW CHIMNEY

Mike. "Faith, Tim, ye haven't got ut sthraight at all. It lanes over to the roight!"

Tim. "Oh, ye're wrong. It's plumb ex-hact! It's myself that plumbed ut mosht careful. Indade, if ut has a fault, it lanes over an inch or tew to the left, when ye look at ut from behoind!!"

Irish "as she is spoke."



DEGENERACY.—"Shure an your honour, it's things was mighty diffrunt in the ould days when the ginthry be's a cummin' to the parties! 'Tis as much as three pound I'd be takin' of a night! but *now*—why, divil a bit beyant a few coppers ever I sees at all! Mind you, this evenin' I puts a decoy half-crown on the plate myself, and bedad if they didn't take it ov me! But wait—I'll do them the next time—for begorra I'll have it glued to the plate!"

SEASONED.—*Lady Tourist.* "Are the sheets well aired?"
Irish Chambermaid. "Troth, and they are, ma'am; for the sayson is three months begun, and they've been well used since!"

HOW FATHER O'SHEE LAID IN HIS CHRISTMAS COALS

YOUNG Patsy Molloy was as purty a boy
As was ever of widdy the pride and the joy;
And as for his ass, sorra crather could pass
That beautiful baste, but for one fault, alas!
When she felt she'd a load, you might kick and might goad,
But divil a fut would she move on the road,
Till you'd tickle her bones wid a handful of stones—
And *that* hint she'd take, the desateful ould toad!

* * * * *

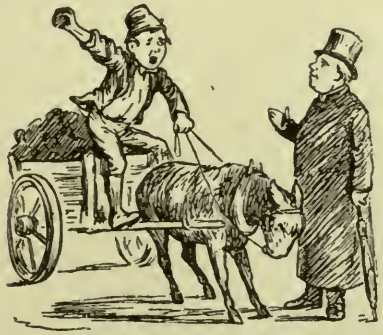
The Widdy, half dead with could, looked in the shed,
But sorra the peat could she find; so she said,
"Sure I'm clane out of few'l, and the could is that crew'l;
Take the baste for a load of Wallsends, Pat, my jew'l!"

* * * * *

Pat went, filled his cart, and for home made a start,
But the baste wid her tantrums well-nigh bruk his heart
For never a stip would she move, the ould rip!
But she stood like a pig wid her legs wide apart.
"Ochone! wirra-'sthrue! Arrah, what will I do?"
Cried Pat, as he sat in a terrible stew.

Then he called on the Saints, and he called on the d——
(I won't say the word—sure it wouldn't be civil!)
When, as good luck would be, by strowls Father Shee,
And he says, "My son Patsy! my son Pat!" says he,
'Sich language is really shocking to me.
Sure, what is the matther?" "The matther!" says Pat
"Now, saving your prisence, by this and by that!
The murthering brute will not budge—not a fut."

Says the Priest, "Why not bate her?" Oh wasn't he cute!
"Is it batin'?" says Pat. "By the Saint in my hat!
'Tisn't batin' she cares for—bad luck to the slut!
Ochone and ochone! if I'd only a stone——!"
"A stone!" says the Priest—ah thin, wasn't he artful?—
"A stone! Why, ye omadhaun, look at yer cartfull!"



"Thrue for you!" Pat sings out; "them's the jockeys 'll do,"
And clutching two handsful with joyous "Hurroo,"
He let fly in haste at the back of his baste,
That not likin' the taste, started off as if chased
By the ould one himself, for a good rood or two.
But Pat knew the thrick, and whenever she'd kick,
Or stop in her canther, the coals would fall thick
On her ribs and her back, till the road was asthrew
Wid best Wallsends, and Patsy's poor baste black and blue!

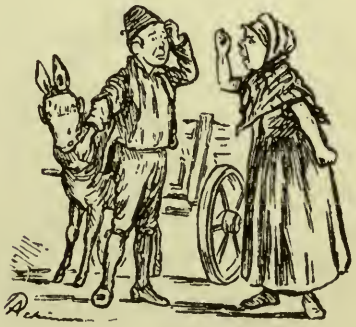
* * * * *

Ten minutes, and cute Father Shee you'd have seen,
Wid his shovel and crate, and his purty colleen.
And he says, " Colleen dhas, sure 'tis wicked to pass
The good things that's sent, though they're brought by an ass.

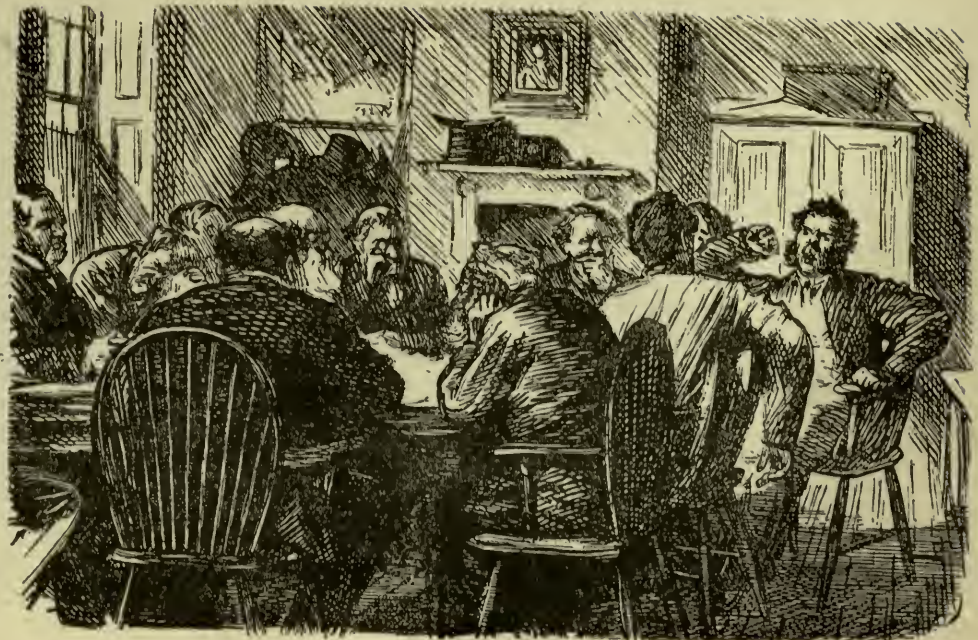
D'ye see them black diamonds? It's elegant coal—
Shovel up every lump, if you vally your soul!"

* * * * *

As for Pat and the widdy—I will not be guessing
What *he* got—but I'll go bail 't wasn't a blessing!



INDUCTIVE.—*Officer.* "How's this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you called him names!" *Private Murphy.* "Plaze, surr, I niver called him anny names at all. All I said was, 'Sergeant,' says I, 'some of us ought to be in a menagerie!!'"



FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.—Scene—*British Jury Room. All agreed on their verdict except Irish juryman* (*who holds out*). "Ah, thin, iliv'n more obstinit' men I nivir met in all me loife!!"

AN IRISH INTRO-DUC-TION.—*Village Dame (addressing a brood of young ducks which she has just thrown into the pond for a first swim).* "Ther' now, you be landed!"

OUR MILITARY MANŒUVRES.—*Irish Drill-Sergeant (to squad of militiamen).* "Pr's'nt 'rrms!"—(*Astonishing result.*)—"Hiv'ns! what a 'prisint'! Jist stip out here now, an' look at yersilves!!"

IRISH ASSURANCE.—*The O'Mullygan (who has been assuring his life).* "Hah! Another word, gintlemen! Oi hear a good deal about mercantile frauds and financial irrigularities, an' I've only this to say: if moy ixicutors have any bother in getting this paid, 'faith Oi'll ixterpate int-hirely the thin sitting board!—actuiry, sicretary, and ivery man jack iv ye! Make your mimorandum o' that, an' good day t'ye!!"

AN IRISH "SEQUITUR."—*Traveller* (*they had already walked a mile from the station*). "Hi, I say, porter, do you call this 'no way at ail?' I thought Donnybrook Lodge was near the terminus." *Pat* "Faix, I cannt say, sor, I was a follerin' o' you gintlemen!!"

THE WIND TO PLEASE THE PIGS.—Sow-sow west.

THE ROOT OF IRISH EVIL.—It used to be said that the Irish people were unwise on relying on the potato. Their reliance on 'taturs was foolish enough, but still more foolish is their faith in agitators.

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